

CHATELAINE

KATE AITKEN TELLS
"What It's Like to be Me"

Elizabeth: Royal Mother

FIFTY FAVORITE RECIPES

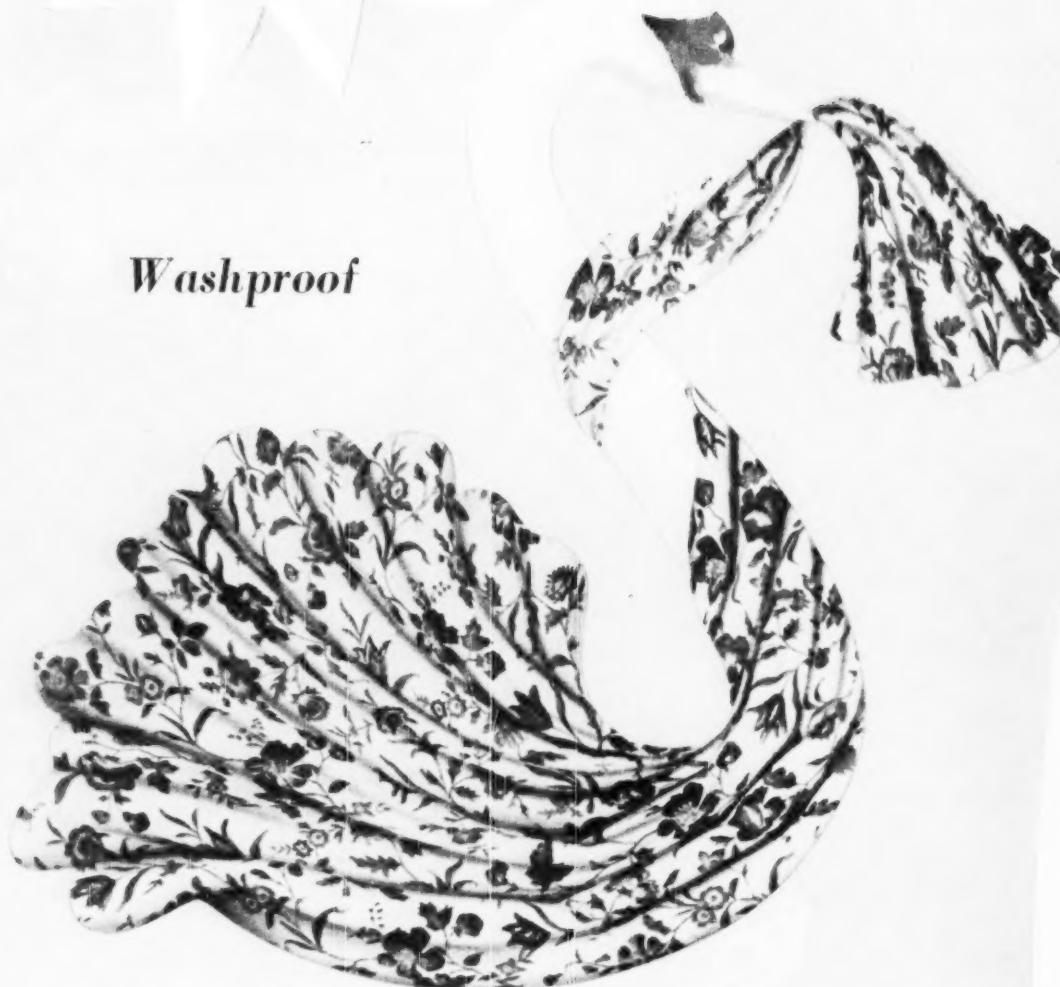
THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE • JANUARY 1951 • FIFTEEN CENTS



Sun-resisting



Washproof



SANDERSON

INDECOLOR FABRICS

The gladness of bright colour in every room . . . staying bright after
summer sunshine and spring laundering.

Made at 100 Acres, Uxbridge, Middlesex, England

Agents: H. G. McLennan & Co., Ltd., 614 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Ontario.



Sue used "any old wax" on her floors, just to save a few pennies. "What's the difference?" she used to say. "They're all just about the same, aren't they?"



Sue got a scare one day, watching her floors take a terrific beating from scuffing feet. Worn spots were beginning to show—the finish was wearing through!



"It's not too late," her mother said. "Use Johnson's Paste Wax. There's nothing like it to give floors lasting protection from wear. And now the shine lasts longer than ever!"



Now Sue knows that with a gleaming coat of genuine Johnson's Paste Wax on her floors, it's the wax that takes the wear! Floors are far more lustrous, and will never need costly refinishing!

It took the threat of floor wear to teach Sue floor care!



It's so easy with a Johnson's Wax Electric Polisher! You can rent one almost everywhere. Or you can buy one for \$59.00.

Floors stay like new when protected with a gleaming "carpet" of genuine Johnson's Wax!

When you use genuine Johnson's Paste Wax, it's the wax that takes the wear, protecting the floor underneath!

Scuffing feet can't mar the gleaming genuine wax finish. Dirt and water don't penetrate the hard protective wax film. A dry mop whisks dust away. Wood floors never need costly refinishing. And linoleum lasts 6 to 10 times longer! And new Johnson's Paste Wax is even better than ever! The new formula gives floors a greater gloss, a harder, longer lasting polish . . . yet with far less rubbing to bring up the shine! Now more than ever Johnson's Paste Wax is well worth the few cents extra you pay . . . it does so much more. Get some—see what the new Johnson's Paste Wax will do for your floors!

(If your floors need cleaning, too—are soiled with ground-in-dirt—use Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. It contains a dry-cleaning ingredient that removes dirt as you apply the wax. Just apply and buff for a clean, lustrous shine.)

For lasting beauty and protection insist on genuine

**Johnson's
New WAX**

(Paste or Liquid
Polishing Wax)

1885A

For advice on any floor care problem, write to Consumer Service Dept., S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.

Johnson's is a registered trademark.





"Of course it's Mrs. Smith...
but don't stop!"

MRS. SMITH probably would never know why Mrs. Adams passed her by . . . would never understand why she, a newcomer to the smug little village, had been repeatedly given the cold-shoulder by neighbors whose friendship she needed. There's one symptom* women won't discuss.

The truth was that Mrs. Smith had made a bad first-impression . . . one that she couldn't live down. The insidious thing about *halitosis (bad breath) is that, guilty of it only once, you may be tagged with it for a long time.

Don't Take Chances .

Why take your breath for granted—*ever*? Why risk offending? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully effective,

delightfully pleasant, *extra-careful* precaution against this social offense.

You merely rinse the mouth with it, and instantly your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend . . . stays that way, too. Not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Remember, when you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

Use it systematically morning and night, and before any date.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.

...the extra-careful precaution against bad breath

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-Way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada

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CHATELAINE

FOR JANUARY VOLUME 24 NUMBER 1

Cover by Reliance Engravers

FICTION

Never Tell	Evelyn Murray Campbell, 8
The Reporter and the Redhead	Alec Rackow, 18

GENERAL FEATURES

Life Line from Women	Byrne Hope Sanders 3
On Location in Montreal	Pat Pearce 4
What It's Like to Be Me	Kate Aitken 7
Runaways from Marriage	Fred Bodsworth 12
Sister, If You've Never Kept a Budget	Kenneth Wilson 14
Royal Mother	Alice Hooper Beck 16

FASHION

Designed for Sadler's Wells	Mildred Spicer 50
Make a Dream Dress (patterns)	55

HOUSEKEEPING

Frosting the Cover Cake	Marie Holmes 20
50 Favorite Recipes	Mary Jukes 24

BEAUTY

The One-Set Wonder	Eileen Morris 10
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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

An Ounce of Prevention	Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D. 58
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Consumer Relations Editor
Mary Jukes

LIFE LINE FROM WOMEN

Twenty years ago a farm woman on Victoria Island went to her mailbox and found there a cheque for ten thousand dollars.

She was expecting it, for she knew she had won first prize in a nation-wide contest for the name of a new woman's magazine.

So *Chatelaine* was named by a Canadian woman. Over the years we've believed in keeping very close to women in building our editorial program.

Most of our editorial staff are women; most of our contents are written by women; and women are all-important on our sales staff.

We have no prejudice against men—on the contrary! But it is a woman's world we are interpreting and from the start *Chatelaine* has developed on women's ability to write for women. Starting out a New Year, it is good to realize that we are tops in circulation and advertising lineage in our field.

One of our greatest strengths in this translation of women's interests to women is a comparatively new phase of our editorial work—our Consumer Council. We call the Council our "life line" to women.

This issue features one of the most interesting projects in this three-year-old association of two-thousand Councilors. Fifty favorite recipes have been selected for you from nearly fifteen hundred which have been sent to us from our Councilors in reply to a special request.

It's a wonderful thing to be able to reach into hundreds upon hundreds of homes throughout Canada and get an immediate response. Our Councilors are always so eager to help; so generous with their experience; so ready to answer any questions we ask them—whether it's about their household or personal life. Too, they're always such good sports!

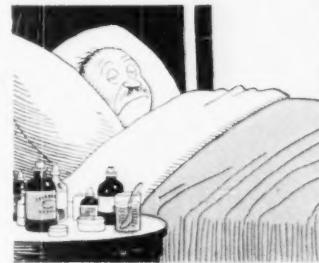
Remember the Councilors are there to bring the actual point of view of our women themselves into the magazine—and into your life. They are serving you, their sisters, by sharing their experience and points of view.

Happy New Year to them—and to all of you!

Barbara Hops Sanders

Don't give a Cold a chance!

This Man Did...



This man caught a cold . . . he ignored it and went to work as usual . . . he developed a fever on the third day . . . yet delayed calling a doctor.

RESULT: *Pneumonia had set in . . . and he lost several weeks' time from work.*

This Woman Didn't...



This woman caught a cold . . . when her temperature went up she called the doctor promptly . . . on the doctor's advice she went to bed . . . ate lightly and drank plenty of liquids.

RESULT: *The cold cleared up . . . and she was back on the job in three days.*

To speed recovery from a cold and to help hasten relief from its discomforts, doctors recommend rest and a light nourishing diet, including plenty of water and fruit juices. This helps the body overcome the infection.

The danger of neglecting a cold lies chiefly in the fact that body resistance is lowered and serious infections such as sinusitis, bronchitis, and ear trouble may develop.

Pneumonia, especially, is likely to strike when a person is tired or run-down because of a persistent cold. In fact, it has been estimated that colds are the starting point for nine out of ten cases of pneumonia.

Although the death rate for pneumonia has been greatly reduced, this disease—and its ally, influenza—still claim about 7,000 lives each year in our country. Authorities say that the toll from pneumonia could be reduced still further if everyone would call the doctor immediately if any of these symptoms appear:

A severe shaking chill followed by fever.

Pain in the chest after coughing or deep breathing.

Coughing, particularly with the appearance of rust-colored sputum.

If pneumonia is discovered early, the chances for rapid recovery are much better now than in the past. This is because the

new drugs which doctors prescribe usually are most effective when given at the start of the disease. For instance, virus pneumonia can usually be treated successfully with certain antibiotic drugs.

Immunization against some types of influenza and pneumonia has likewise helped to combat these diseases. Other respiratory ailments have also been brought under better control.

While medical science can now bring about more and quicker recoveries from the chief health hazards of winter, it is wise to be on guard against them. Here are some measures which may help:

Always take care of a cold promptly . . . if fever develops, call a doctor at once.

Keep physically fit, particularly during the winter months.

Get sufficient rest and sleep and eat a balanced daily diet.

Dress warmly when going out-of-doors and avoid damp, inclement weather whenever possible.

Stay away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

For more information about how to enjoy good health during the winter season by guarding against colds, influenza, and pneumonia, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 11-L, "Respiratory Diseases."

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**Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company**
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Home Office: New York
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, "Respiratory Diseases," 11-L.

Name

Street

City Prov.



"I rode 150 miles on a roller coaster!"

says ANN SHERIDAN, co-starring in "WOMAN ON THE RUN"
A Fidelity Picture From Universal-International.



"Retaking this scene for 'Woman on the Run' kept me on a roller coaster hour after hour. I rubbed my hands raw, gripping the rail."



And hanging from this sky,
light nearly tore my fingers.



But I smoothed my hands
with Jergens Lotion...



For romantic close-ups with
Dennis O'Keefe!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is
absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't bead on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend: no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
© 1950 Jergens Company

O N LOCATION IN



LINDA DARNELL

The great lover had whiskers—
white whiskers!—yes, yes. Stunned fans crept to the doors of Montreal's Ritz Carlton Hotel to verify the horrid rumor. They spread the word. Yep, Boyer had a beaver!

The fabulous Charles, whose voice had sent pleasurable shivers along a quarter century of female spines, was sporting, instead of female scalps, a rather tatty white beard (courtesy the make-up department, though the sideburns were his own) that made him look just like an old-fashioned doctor.

Of course Boyer had come to Montreal to play an old-fashioned country doctor, but that he would actually look like one—really Hollywood was carrying realism too far!

And fans weren't even going to have the satisfaction of a viacious romance with Linda Darnell. That glamorous lovely was to play a crippled girl who didn't give a hoot about Mr. Boyer but saved her sights for Britain's tall and handsome Michael Rennie.

BY PAT PEARCE

MONTREAL WITH



20th Century Fox.

CHARLES BOYER

The situation had to be investigated. How had things come to such a pass?

They started with the famous French story, *Le Corbeau*, which later became an equally famous film. Then 20th Century Fox figured they'd film it in English, under the title, "The Scarlet Pen." Casting around for a setting to fit the story of havoc wrought in a small town by a poison pen writer, the studio lit on the province of Quebec. Only here, explained producer-director Otto Preminger, could they find a scene where the characters might logically speak English, be members of the kind of tightly knit community essential to the story.

To make the scene as composite and French as possible, 20th Century Fox lined up Charles Boyer to play a leading role. Françoise Rosay, one of France's great actresses, was shipped across the Atlantic to wear widow's weeds as the vengeful village mother, whose son committed suicide on receiving one of the vicious letters, and on arrival the studio filled supporting roles from local French-speaking talent. + *Continued on page 22*

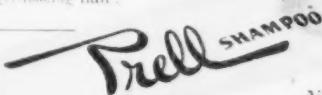
For hair that looks "Vitally Alive"...



For hair that's radiantly soft,
smooth, younger-looking...
shampoo with PRELL!

"VITALLY ALIVE" . . . sparkling . . . radiant!
More radiant than with cream or soap shampoos,
in *hard* water! Start using this different,
marvelous Procter & Gamble shampoo today
for lovelier, younger-looking hair!

CONCENTRATED
FOR ECONOMY . . .
GOES FURTHER



New, different Prell
for that *Vitally Alive* look!



VOGUE SAYS:
"ACCENT YOUR EYES"

SMART WOMEN INSIST ON
Maybelline

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA



*Rosalind thought
her face was clean*



...until *she took
the "tissue test"!*

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did Rosalind Russell until she convinced herself with the "Tissue Test" that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams!

We went right into Rosalind's dressing room while she was filming "Listen-The Night" for Independent Artists. We asked her to get her face as clean as she could with her regular cream. Then we invited her to try *Woodbury Cold Cream* on what she thought was her "immaculately clean" face.

We handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her regular cream, Woodbury floated out hidden dirt!



Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores. Penaten lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper than any cream has gone before to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

Thanks to wonder-working Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths your skin more effectively, too. The rich oils go deeper into the upper layers of your skin, smooth it gently when it's dry and rough. Tiny, dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away. Touch your face—it's silken soft!

Do you really think your face is clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure! Buy a jar today—93¢, 69¢, 39¢ and 20¢.

(MADE IN CANADA)



**Woodbury
Cold Cream** *floats out hidden dirt...
penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten*

BY KATE AITKEN

As told to Eileen Morris



W HAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ME

With 21 secretaries swirling in her wake, fabulous Kate handles a dozen full-time jobs. Here for the first time she reveals the woman behind the famous career . . .

While I have never failed at anything I've tried . . . and have now done everything I ever dreamed of doing . . . I'm not a brilliant woman, and never considered myself one.

Having no special talent of any kind, you could say that I gather talent from the people around me. If I have anything, it's a genuine interest in people. With some, "liking people" is a big act. It isn't with me. I care about them, lose myself in them, feel every heartbreak they have.

Back home in Beeton, Saturday night was tub night in our big kitchen. After we children had had our baths and been packed off to bed, I'd climb out on the ridge pole over the store and sit there, looking down on the grownups below, listening to them yarn and gossip. I still relish the story that every person has to tell.

I make dozens of speeches every year, from one end of Canada to the other, to keep that personal contact with people. A platform, an audience stimulate me. I've never felt the slightest difficulty in speaking in public. Oh, there's a squeeze feeling for a moment, but I look round at my audience, and always see a community of friends . . . not critical strangers, but good neighbors. They don't expect me to be a marvel . . . they simply want to visit. The same feeling applies to my radio shows. I don't think of the half million women who listen, but of my host of good friends.

When some perplexed lady asks me how I stand the rush and pressure of my life, I think back to my childhood, and try to explain. Ours was a big family—mother, + *Continued on page 48*



NEVER TELL

BY EVELYN MURRAY CAMPBELL

The Acton house was far too large and too expensive in upkeep for the income Mr. Acton had left. But Mrs. Acton would not give it up for anything smaller; she never gave up anything she had set her mind upon. So, to keep the house, she economized so rigorously that when she gave a luncheon to her bridge club she and Janet lived on scraps for the rest of the week to make it up. If her friends suggested that she should sell the house on a rising market as they were selling theirs, Mrs. Acton silenced argument with a pointed one of her own. "What would be left after taxes and where would they live? "I see no reason for changing my mode of life." She let it be understood that she disliked any discussion of her affairs.

She was a close-mouthed woman who had married late and taciturnity had grown with her widowhood. She believed, and perhaps she was right, that what one does not talk about can never be repeated.

She expounded this theory to Janet while the child was small. "Never become a newsmonger. Never betray your thoughts to any living soul for all circumstances are ephemeral. They can change in an hour, but what you have said becomes an established fact for all time." And Janet listened gravely as if she understood, which she did in time.

She was a gay pretty child and it was difficult to understand how Mrs. Acton at 37 had produced her, even with Mr. Acton's help. However, no one knew or remembered much about Mr. Acton. Janet had hardly known her father except as a vaguely kind personality that eased through her childhood, playing word games in a whisper. If he loved her he had not said so often enough to impress it on her mind and she came to associate love with her mother who in some unaccountable way made herself so complete a companion that Janet never missed her father. She was never lonely and never left alone.

Mrs. Acton with incredible ingenuity had over the years held onto her position in her social circle; her small clubs and daytime activities were continued, but she would never have left Janet for an evening even with servants—and there were no servants, not even one. All the housework was done

surreptitiously, windows washed and laundry hung in an upstairs room, even the lawn mowed when the dusk made it impossible to see who handled the mower. And with the coming of night the house was closed hermetically, doors and windows locked after a complete survey of rooms and closets. Not even a mouse could have found harbor; there was no dog because dogs have been known to take sudden fancies to strangers. A searchlight was better. Any evening Mrs. Acton, trailed by Janet, could have been found going over the house from top to bottom, looking into crannies too small for more than hatboxes, satisfying herself that the rooms were empty except for their own furnishings. She never said what she expected to find; possibly she didn't know, but the ultimate would have been a concealed man.

Primarily, Mrs. Acton did not like men. Through 10 years of marriage she had never become used to having Mr. Acton share her bed and when he was asleep she often crept out and found herself another. In her own mind she explained it as a reflex from 15 years of prolonged maidenhood when she had expected almost anything to happen because she was alone and unprotected.

Janet, of course, knew nothing of this. She became a pretty girl in her last year at high, lively enough with her schoolmates but a little shy and aloof when she was alone with one of them. She had been kissed three times by inexperienced youths whose lips were soft as her own, but she told no one of this. The kisses had been experimental and without reaction. They meant nothing and this was disappointing because she wanted to fall in love like other girls and have her secret. Instead she still loved no one but her mother and believed in her as only a malleable nature trusts a stronger one.

Her mother was right, of course. When a girl friendship terminated she never had cause for regret because she had never shared a confidence. "You see," Mrs. Acton would say when the attachment was over, "You can dismiss a friendship like any other failure because you have not given a part of yourself away, but poor Adele." * *Continued on page 52*



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ENGLERT

Could she ever escape her mother's fearful warning:
"Never, never tell what has happened tonight. It must be a
secret forever locked in your breast"



Feel the need of a fresh hair-do to give your spirits
a midwinter lift? Here's something very special
and easy to follow . . . one basic hairset you can comb into *three*
new styles . . . so you can change your looks whenever you wish

BY EILEEN MORRIS

Beauty Editor



Thick side: Part off three vertical rows. Roll first row away from face, second row toward face, third row away from the face again.

THE ONE-SET WONDER

Pretty, feminine and neat . . . that's the look of the fashion-conscious head this winter season. If you are one of the many letting your short cut lengthen a bit, you'll be interested in these suggested styles. Created for you by expert Francis Johns of Eaton's College St., all are combed from one easy-to-follow pinecurl pattern. But try them out before your own mirror! For best results, follow these 20 professional tricks.

When you set your hair: Brush and comb it thoroughly, make a fresh part. Comb thin waveset through your hair. Block off the front section for the bang. For that smooth, deep crown comb hair sleekly, then tie a piece of ribbon round your head or use a line of pins, and start the pinecurls along that margin. Don't snatch up hair in bunches, but part off even rows, pick up uniform strands. Start at the top and work down. Coil a small strand round your forefinger from the end right up to the scalp, either forward toward your face, or away. Slide the circlet off your finger and pin it flat with hairpins or crossed bobpins. Don't keep it pinned up any longer than you have to.

When you comb out the pinecurls: Work on one section at a time, leaving the front piece till last. Really brush and comb—you won't hurt the wave, but you will make it smoother, more natural. Keep your hair close to your head—don't let it bush. A touch of balm will make it easier to handle. For evening, try the formal version pictured at the left. Comb the back flat, the ends into a slight underwave. Brush the sides in a smooth lifting wave. For the curled bang over the brow, comb front in small individual curls. *



Front: Pin two rows of forward curls. At the back, pin two rows of curls, forward to each ear. Mix direction of curls at nape of neck to hold curl together.



Thin side: Part off three vertical rows. Roll first circlet toward your face, rest of first row away. Roll second row toward face, third away.



For day, copy this smart styling of the basic set. At the back, brush the hair into a smooth wave. Comb the sides in an upsweep. Brush front until very flat, leave a frond of curl to soften the diagonal line

Changeabout with this casual variation. Brush the back into a fluff of curl. Comb the sides in a fluttering wave line back from the face. Brush the front forward in a waved bang. This pin curl pattern, of course, can be adapted to a part on either side.



BY FRED BODSWORTH

RUNAWAYS FROM MARRIAGE

This year 2,000 Canadian wives will be left to fend for themselves and their children. What can be done to halt "the crime most easy to commit"?

Every year more and more Canadian husbands stick toothbrushes and guilty consciences in their pockets and depart for places unknown, leaving wives and children to keep the wolf from the door any old way they can. Every year that cares worn army of mothers left holding the bag, the babies and the bills by runaway fathers grows larger.

Family desertion has increased at such a rate since the war that it is now a major worry of welfare authorities. Caring for abandoned families is a public expense growing faster than Jack's beanstalk. More serious still are the misery and emotional shock left behind by runaway fathers, the resultant malnutrition, child neglect, juvenile delinquency and the mental anguish which plays havoc with a woman's character as nothing else can. For the family rudely shattered by a desertion which comes without warning, as many do, is far worse than one broken by divorce or death.

The story of most desertions is simply this: the husband leaves for work one morning and doesn't come back that night—or any other night. The wife telephones his boss. The boss says: "Mr. Jones handed in a resignation a week ago. He said he was taking another job, but didn't say where."

Some stage more dramatic exits. They go hunting, get "lost" in the bush and are never found. They leave behind fake suicide notes. They feign amnesia symptoms for a few days, then disappear, and the wife cannot tell police for certain whether he is just another deserter or a bona fide amnesia victim.

Residents of a small Lake Erie port discovered a hole chopped in the ice, a jacket and cap beside it. The clothing was identified. Police called it a suicide. "Poor Joe," the neighbors said, "his home life was unhappy. He couldn't take it any longer." But two years later "poor Joe" was recognized in Montreal, and he didn't appear so poor either—he was driving a new car.

Last summer a Toronto high-school lecturer left his wife and four children at their summer cottage, drove back toward Toronto. He was a prominent Roman Catholic layman, a university graduate and president of his alumni club. A few days later his car was discovered



**The deserted family
suffers greater
misery than one
broken by death
or divorce**



Panda

abandoned on a lonely Toronto road. Blood was spattered over the interior. His wallet, emptied of \$200 he was known to be carrying, lay on the floor. His spectacles lay shattered beside it. Police said "murder" and began seeking the body. They found no body, but they found other telltale clues. They discovered that a thrice-divorced woman pupil of the missing teacher had also disappeared. She had checked out of her boardinghouse, and police learned that it was the missing teacher who drove her away. Her home was in Australia. Police checked her bank account and discovered she had recently transferred money to an Australian bank. They checked the missing teacher's account. He too had transferred money to Australia.

Two years ago a light plane disappeared in the British Columbia interior. The RCAF spent \$15,000 in a month-long search, found no trace, gave the pilot up as dead. The "widow" began selling brushes from door to door, told her four children "Daddy has gone to heaven." Last summer the missing man walked casually into his Vancouver home. His plane had crashed but he had escaped with minor injuries. He spent four days walking out of the bush, hopped a freight going east and worked for two years in Montreal under an assumed name. Why did he come back? Authorities are puzzled, for a few days later he disappeared again.

A Toronto police official, commenting recently on the increasing number of men reported missing, said: "We used to look immediately for foul play, now we always investigate the home situation first, for domestic trouble is the leading reason now for men being listed as missing."

Authorities blame hasty wartime marriages, wartime separations due to military service, good times and crowded housing in that order—for today's bumper crop of desertions.

A reconciliation officer in Toronto's family court, who talks to a score or more deserted wives every week, told me: "During the war, when soldiers were leaving for overseas, there were many hasty marriages that would never have occurred if the parties had waited until they knew each other better. Some married after just two weeks' acquaintance, then tried to correspond for two years or more about a couple of dances and a one-night honeymoon which were the only experiences they had shared together."

Poor Man's Divorce

Hundreds of other marriages which hung precariously together before the war were doomed when the husband was called for military service. Dissatisfied husbands got their first taste of freedom, many just didn't bother coming home when the war ended. Some returned dutifully to unhappy homes, couldn't settle down and face it, spent a few months or a year dreaming about some Buckinghamshire barmaid, then skipped out and took the next boat back for England. One lieutenant-colonel, C.O. of a regiment, father of a + *Continued on page 61*

TABLE No. 1

WARNING! The Average Canadian Family Spends More Than It Earns

(Based on 1948 D.B.S. Survey)

BY AREAS	REPORTED EXPENDITURES	REPORTED INCOME	DIFFERENCE		
Maritimes	\$2,253	\$2,101	\$152	Spent Over Income	
Quebec	2,806	2,754	52	"	"
Ontario	2,944	2,850	94	"	"
Prairie Provinces ..	2,675	2,640	35	"	"
British Columbia ..	2,742	2,651	91	"	"
All Canada	\$2,781	\$2,701	\$ 80	"	"
 BY FAMILY SIZE					
Single Persons	\$1,483	\$1,530	\$ 47	Surplus	
Two Adults	2,659	2,571	88	Spent Over Income	
Medium-size Family	3,278	3,125	153	"	"
Large Families	3,885	3,850	35	"	"

Here's a tip, straight from the nation's experts: if you've never budgeted before in your life—start now, for 1951!

The reason? Higher prices and higher taxes are coming your way. And they're coming faster than most incomes are going to rise.

Moreover, even in 1948 the average Canadian family was spending beyond its means.

How can we prove that?

The most up-to-date proof is a new study released recently by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa.

The study was made in 1948. It covered some 6,000 representative Canadian households. It attempted to put down in great detail how much was spent for food, clothing, shelter, recreation—even the amounts spent for "extras." The period covered was the year ending August 31, 1948. Both city and farm folk were included; single people as well as families. It showed how much was spent and how much was earned.

On this page you'll see highlights of the results now available for those of us who live elsewhere than on farms. (Farm figures have not yet been released.) Average over-all income was reported as being \$2,701; average expenditure \$2,781. That means an average deficit, on paper, of \$80. (See Table 1.)

The budget deficits are biggest for medium-sized families and for those who earned between \$2,000 and \$3,000 in 1948—one third of all Canadians. On an average this middle-income group spent per family \$138 more than income.

There's going to be plenty of argument about the truth of these deficit figures. Their accuracy won't be tested for some time, until more work has been done on saving habits, installment buying and other information brought out by the survey. But it's clear enough even now that the general picture won't be challenged. This fact is confirmed by recent studies in big United States cities. Family consumer spending surveys in Denver, Detroit and Houston showed average net deficits of \$105, \$202 and \$301 respectively, in 1948.

BY KENNETH WILSON

Ottawa Correspondent The Financial Post

BUDGET . . . YOU'D BETTER START NOW

This raises the really important question: what can we do about all this in 1951?

For one thing you can check your own spending habits against the averages shown in these new national reports.

In adjoining tables you'll find a breakdown of 1948 spending habits for three typical groups of Canadians: single persons, middle-sized families, middle-income families. (See Tables 2 and 3.)

There were about 750,000 single people in Canada running their own establishments or operating as an "independent" spending unit in 1948. That's 6% of the population of Canada in that year. (Newfoundland wasn't included in this study.) The survey shows they had an average income of \$1,530; spent \$1,483 and had a \$47 surplus. The breakdown shows actual amounts spent on main budget items. As well, the percentage figures show how much out of each dollar went into the various categories. You'll see that housing, clothing and food took half the total budget; that there's a big chunk for "recreation and tobacco." Unofficially it's estimated that out of \$160 for these last two items, about \$35 to \$40 was for tobacco.

The middle-sized family group covers between 40 and 45% of all the people in Canada. It's a group that cuts across all income brackets; averages about 4 to a family. In 1948 these families reported average income of \$3,125 and an over-all expenditure of \$3,278. That left a deficit of \$153.

The third group is those Canadians who in 1948 had average earnings between \$2,000 and \$3,000. These people represent about a third of our total population. They include single persons as well as families. The survey shows these "middle-income" Canadians spent \$2,781; reported an average income of \$2,701.

As you start checking your own spending against these average Canadian budgets, you'll realize that there have been big changes in prices— even since last year. How does that affect 1951 budgeting?

Surprisingly, price changes aren't the barrier to budgeting that you'd expect. + *Continued on page 56*

TABLE No. 2

Check Your Own Spending Habits Against the Average for Canadians

	Single Persons (Average Income \$1,530)		Mid.-size Families (4) (Average Income \$3,125)	
	AVERAGE EXPENDITURE	% TOTAL BUDGET	AVERAGE EXPENDITURE	% TOTAL BUDGET
Food	\$ 451	27.6%	\$ 940	29.5%
Clothing	187	12.5	386	12.0
Housing	211	14	305	9.5
Recreation (incl. Tobacco)	159	11	269	8.0
Furnishings and Equipment	37	2.5	243	7.5
Household Operation	65	4.5	180	5.5
Transportation	112	7.5	266	8.0
Income Taxes	108	7.5	179	5.0
Health*	44	3.0	112	3.5
Fuel	29	2.0	98	3.0
Personal Care	23	1.5	47	1.5
Miscellaneous	107	7	353	7
(insurance, gifts, etc.)				
	\$1,483	100%	\$3,278	100%

*Exclusive of health insurance premiums

TABLE No. 3

In spite of higher prices, the "Middle Income" earners spend almost the same proportion of their salaries on food and clothing as they did 10 years ago.

	AVERAGE DOLLAR EXPENDITURE		PER CENT OF TOTAL BUDGET	
	1948	1938	1948	1938
Food	\$ 863	\$ 464	32%	30.5%
Clothing	309	166	11	11.5
Housing	277	269	10	18.5
Recreation (incl. Tobacco)	233	82	8.5	5.5
Furnishings, Equipment	195	158	7	11
Household Operation	142	142	5.5	
Transportation	194	79	7	5
Income Taxes	150	none	5	
Health Care	91	61	3	4
Fuel	86	60	3	4
Personal Care	39	24	2	2
Miscellaneous	147	113	6	8
(insurance, gifts, etc.)				
	\$2,726	\$1,454	100%	100%



BY ALICE HOOPER BECK

ROYAL MOTHER

In the early summer of 1948 some charming photographs of Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, appeared in newspapers all over the world. They were taken in Paris, where she had gone to open an exhibition and to see the French capital for the first time in her life. Parisians fell in love at first sight with their young Royal visitor. They were enchanted by her grace and her clothes in a way that only the French can be. Her official program was exciting, strenuous and so packed with public and social engagements that every hour was jigsawed into the next. But even the newspaper photographs caught something of a new, and quite plainly visible, radiance and poise about the Princess which was not entirely due to her delight in the brilliant Paris scene. Three days after she returned home it was made known—though some had guessed it already—that she was expecting her first baby.

Expectant mothers all over the world studied her elegant pastel clothes, her slim-heeled shoes and her general air of well-being and happiness. They read through her list of daily engagements with far more interest than detailed stories about "the Succession." As letters of congratulation poured into Buckingham Palace, cautionary tales put forward by "old wives" and even by doctors began to slump. They were met with a sudden bright resistance by young mothers-to-be. There was a run on leaf green for maternity wear and the old, times-worn notion that an expectant mother should give up normal activities and her social life, or wear dark, depressing clothes went overboard. If a Royal mother-to-be could swim in the early days of her pregnancy, go to a wedding at the eighth month and dine out in an enchanting evening dress a week before the birth of her baby so could other girls. "Look at Princess Elizabeth" became stock advice to those who sometimes wondered if the "bloom of motherhood" was just a beautiful myth invented by magazine editors! There it was—where everybody could see it.

Even the members of her own family and her closest friends now say that Princess Elizabeth "came out"—in the true personal sense—not as a lovely girl of 18 or even as a radiantly happy bride, but at the time when she first began to appear in public after the birth of her son, Prince Charles. Whatever the prophets had to say on the subject for months before that joyful occasion + *Continued on page 63*

Elizabeth, fully aware of her destiny, realizes that for her and her children now is the time of their lives together.



PHOTOS BY CECIL BEATON

The most famous mother in the world, this princess sets the pattern of young modern parenthood, taking her children seriously, sensibly, but with a light heart.

THE REPORTER AND



ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

Gloria was a siren with a honey-smooth line, vacationing between husbands. Enter Sam . . . with heart and eyes wide open

On a soft, faintly smoke-stained evening in September Sam Marris came down from his room at the Fall City Inn, nodded in reply to the desk clerk's almost timid, "Good evening, Mr. Marris," and went out to his battered coupe with the blue and white Press in the lower left-hand corner of the windshield.

The sky was soft and moonless, the trees still green and full leafed. Sam squeezed in behind the wheel, lighted a cigarette and glanced at his watch. It was only seven and his date was for seven-thirty but Sam couldn't wait. He switched on the ignition, started the engine and drove across the river.

It was seven-fifteen when Sam got to the Comstock house. There were amber lights beyond the curtain of the trees. Sam drove around the block four times. At seven-twenty-five he parked the car in the drive and went up the steps.

A maid answered the door. She let Sam in. Mr. Comstock, who was publisher of the Fall City Eagle, came to the entrance to the study. He was a tall man with a shock of white hair and a ruddy face. He said, "You want to see me, Sam?"

Sam rumbled, "No, sir. I'm taking Sally to dinner."

Mr. Comstock said, "Oh, I see," and Sally Julian came running down the wide stairs and said, "Hello, Uncle Fred. Hello, Sam."

She was a small girl and when she stood beside Sam's bulk

BY ALEC RACKOWE

THE REDHEAD

she seemed tiny. She had a rounded figure, pale gold hair framing a broad brow, a straight little nose and curving red lips. She smiled at Sam, silky lashes lifting from her violet eyes and Sam felt like a palm tree in a South Pacific typhoon.

Mr. Comstock said a couple of things and Sam wasn't aware whether he answered or not. Once outside he closed the door on Sally's side and got behind the wheel. He didn't dare fish for a cigarette, his hands were shaking so. He was only conscious of Sally beside him and the faint odor of her perfume.

At Shear's the restaurant was crowded but Sam barely growled and the head-waiter found them a table. Sam ordered steak for both and Sally agreed with a smile and a nod. "Baked potato," Sam said. "Salad."

He looked at Sally as the waiter brought the pale martinis. She was utterly lovely in the blue dress that brought out her soft coloring. Sam gulped his drink. "How's it going?"

"Fine," Sally said.

"That's good." But Sam wasn't thinking of Sally's job as assistant society editor. He was thinking of Sally. He'd only known her the two months since she had come to the paper. He hadn't known at first that she was Mr. Comstock's niece, though that didn't mean a thing. All Sam knew was that the moment he'd seen Sally he'd known she was the one and only.

He'd asked her to a softball game a week after he'd met her. He'd taken her to the movies three or four times since; seen her at dinner at the Comstocks' and every working day at the Eagle.

Two months. It wasn't a great deal of time, but it was long enough for Sam to know there couldn't be anyone else for him. He'd told himself he should wait. He'd resolved to wait, but looking at Sally as she cut into her steak he felt his resolutions slipping.

Several people at nearby tables lifted a hand to Sam. A few others, leaving, stopped to say hello. Sam growled at them all. He wasn't aware of them. He wasn't even aware of the things

She crinkled her nose at him. "Next time I'm going to marry a man like you, Sam. You know how to handle me."

Sally was saying. He was only aware of Sally and what she did to him.

They went to the movies after dinner and Sam sat beside Sally and as usual had trouble fitting his big body into the seat and finding room for his legs. He didn't hold Sally's hand. He wanted to, but he didn't. He couldn't have told anyone what the picture was about.

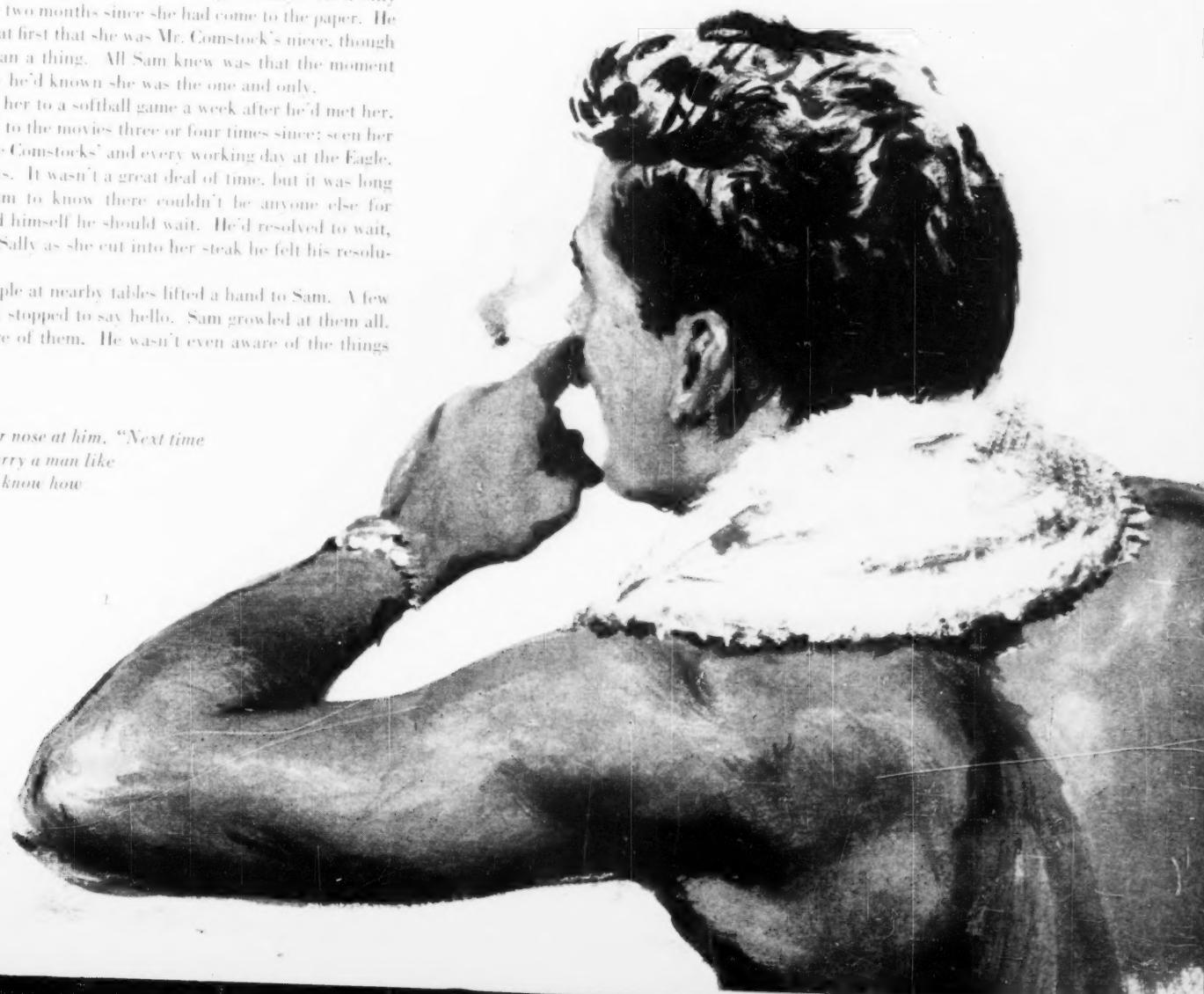
After they left the movies Sally said, "It's a lovely night."

"Yeah," Sam said. The words he wanted to say wouldn't come off his tongue.

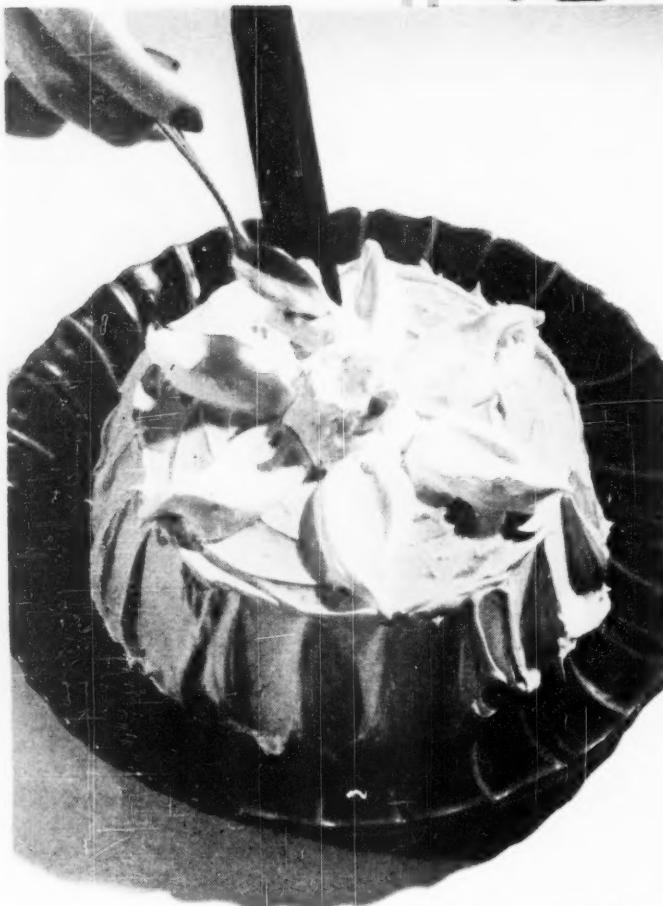
He drove the long way around and at the Bluffs he stopped the car. The waning moon was rising gibbous over the river. Sally leaned back. She put her hands behind her head. She said, "I love Fall City."

Sam let his breath go in a gust. "You going to stay?"

"Oh yes," Sally said. "Uncle Fred promised me a job years ago. He said he'd give me a start. + *Continued on page 42*

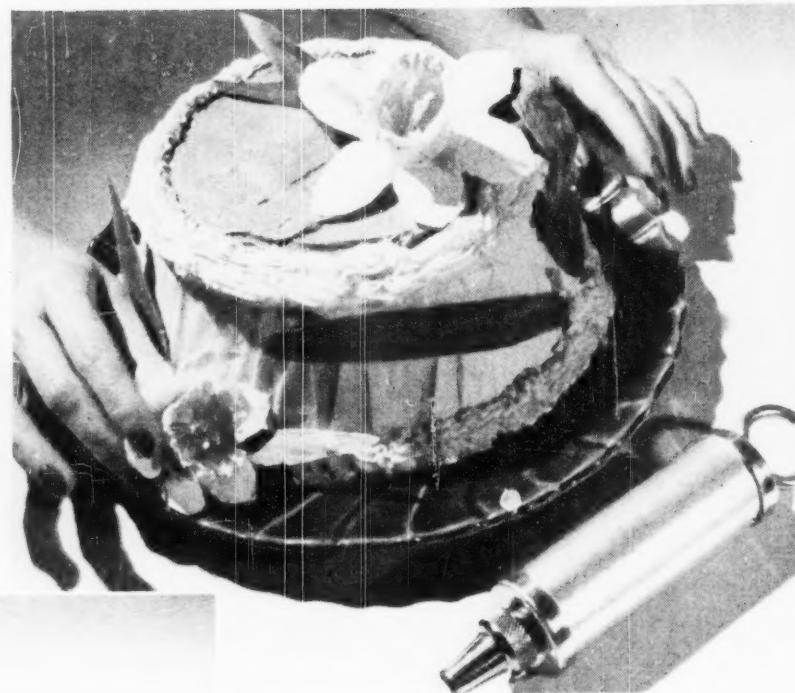


BY MURIE HOLMES
Director Chatelaine Institute



JOHN E. MILNE

The effect of a daffodil or other flower can be achieved quickly by using two colors of fluffy boiled or seven-minute frosting. Top and sides of cakes are spread with pale green and allowed to stand until almost firm. Then flower petals of the same frosting in yellow, pink or white are made right on the top of the cake, using spatula and spoon. Drop spoonful of frosting near centre. Decrease pressure while spreading out to edge. Lift spoon quickly to form points.



Rrosting the COVER CAKE

You can decorate a cake as gay and flower-like as the one on our cover. It's just a matter of having a few tools, a bottle or two of vegetable coloring and a bowl of butter frosting.

Here's how to do it: When the cake is cool, place it on a serving plate.

Make the frosting this way: Cream 6 tablespoons of butter or margarine until soft and fluffy. Add 1½ cups sifted icing sugar gradually. Mix until blended. Add 1½ teaspoons vanilla and ½ cup cream or top milk. Add another 1½ cup sifted icing sugar. Beat until fluffy. Transfer about ½ frosting into a smaller bowl. Add green vegetable coloring a little at a time until the frosting is the desired shade.

Then tint the first bowl of frosting with yellow coloring.

To frost the cake: Using spatula, spread yellow icing with upward strokes all around the sides of the cake, bringing it up over the top about one third of an inch.

Now cover the top of cake with the pale green icing, spreading toward the edge to meet the yellow icing.

For the decorative border use a decorating tube with the border attachment (see photograph above). Fill the tube with the yellow icing, then pipe around the top edge of the cake. Repeat around the bottom of the cake.

The extra flower garnish is made by brushing plain tinted frosting (moistened icing sugar) over petals and leaves cut from parchment paper.

Recipe for Daffodil Cake on page 29



Frost sides of cake by quick upward strokes using broad spatula, then frost top.

RICH WITH

SMOOTH WITH

Chicken Cream

Newest of
Campbell's
Chicken Soups!



A glorious Winter-time Soup that "brightens up" the whole meal

Was ever a soup so creamy and rich, so smooth with the goodness of fresh dairy cream, so perfect to brighten Winter meals. Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup can do all of this and more. Tender pieces of chicken . . . delicious cuts of young celery are there in full and generous measure, along with the solid nourishment of rich

chicken stock to make this a soup the whole family will go for.

Serve it soon as a main dish for lunch or supper and see for yourself how delicious it is . . . how nourishing, too, and how it gives a "lift" to just about any meal. Keep several cans on hand all the time.

Campbell's
CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

THREE

MENU FOR FAMILY SUPPER

Cream of Chicken Soup
Vegetable Salad with Ham Strips
Crackers and Whole Wheat Wafers
Lemon Cake Pudding

GRAND

RECIPE FOR CHICKEN-CREAM SAUCE

Stir one can Campbell's Cream of Chicken till smooth. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk slowly, stirring constantly. Heat and serve. Makes about $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups.

IDEAS

FOR "CHICKEN a la KING" SOUP

Combine a can of Campbell's Cream of Chicken and one of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, with 1 can water and 1 can milk. Heat, stirring till smooth.

That Other You Could Lose His Love!



Your husband loves the real you—happy, poised, confident of your intimate feminine hygiene. Don't let doubts, misgivings, inhibitions create another you!

You're sure of feminine daintiness when you douche regularly with "Lysol".

"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No make-shifts like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct doucheing solution in the simple direc-

tions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol", just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

Don't take chances! Don't let *neglect* create a "dual personality" . . . another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that *other* you destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.

Check these facts with your doctor



Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. It's clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct doucheing solution.

WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"?

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession . . . and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. CH-8, Lenn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ PROV. _____

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For Complete Feminine Hygiene use

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

Every time



BOYER AND DARNELL

Continued from page 5

and provided extra background in murmuring French and authentic Quebec faces at \$6 per working day. After that the studio felt it had done its duty by Quebec and brought along Linda Darnell from Hollywood, Winnipeg's Judith Evelyn, and Britain's Michael Rennie to take care of the box office.

Around 8 o'clock in the morning Montreal could watch the unit departing, an irregular caravan of limousines transporting close to a million dollars worth of enterprise to the little town of Ste. Hilaire whose 130-year-old church overlooks the banks of the Richelieu.

Only the ladies are on hand this morning, Boyer still recovering from the gripe. Bedded with the virulent bug Boyer telephoned a Montreal doctor.

"Zees ces Boyer," he announced in that wonderful rumble.

"Ah, Sharri," replied the doc, who had suffered before from an accomplished and prankish friend. "And how ces Hedy, and everying in ze Cas-bah?"

And hung up.

Fighting a temperature and some natural umbrage, the star tried again, and successfully. But the doc is still sporting the reddest face west of the Kremlin.

A longtime star, Darnell disappears into the dressing room, only venturing forth when her scene is called. Newcomer Constance Smith, now getting the works in glamour treatment from 20th Century, via magazine covers and hepped-up publicity, is much more in evidence.

A condensed version of Hedy Lamarr, the pretty and punning Constance played bits in several British movies before getting a starring role in "The Mudlark." Now she's making her first U. S. movie as Boyer's wife, which should be enough for anyone.

Miss Smith looks like she can stand it.

Darnell, along with Constance and several native Quebec actors, and a cute 13-year-old trick, June Haden from Hollywood, is busy being a choir in the choir loft. In a green silk reach-me-down, straight from a mail-order catalogue, grey felt beret and a limp, there is little to suggest the film star until you get in the way of the eyes that have been called the most beautiful in Hollywood. As unobtrusive as a mouse, Darnell patiently heeds Director Preminger's commands. She freshens her own lipstick and while a hairdresser combs out an errant strand smiles over snapshots of the unit in Montreal.

Darnell limps to join the choir, limps down the loft steps and takes her place. Freshens her lipstick and has her hair combed all over again, time after dreary time, while Preminger and Lashelle, photography director, rehearse and tiddle and fuss. Though she is a quick study, and won't vary a hair from take to take, Darnell throws no temperament at being called back again and again while the director irons out the wrinkles in the others. She works with the smoothness of a beautiful machine, and when Preminger finally shouts, "Print it," smiles faintly, grins, "Goodness, it's hot," pats tissue over her famous face, and sallies forth for lunch.

Lunch comes courtesy 20th Century Fox. We eat it at a trestle table in the

churchyard. Linda drifts up carrying a tray in one hand and a book of double acrostics in the other. The book follows her everywhere, "but I have," she admits "to cheat to get started."

Three little French boys come shyly up for autographs, and gallop away across the grass mimicking "izzapezure, zankoo." Constance Smith and actor Guy Sorel argue busily about "The Cocktail Party," and Darnell gazes wistfully at her book of double acrostics.

There is one more scene for Darnell, and then she says good-bye with a great wide smile as carefree as any little stenographer bursting out the office door when day's work is done.

The Invisible Boyer

There's a stir among the \$6 a day extras who cluster around the church. The big event of the day—enter Boyer! Whiskers or no whiskers, pale from his flu session, bent and shuffling for his role, Boyer can still send the whisper of his name rippling across the crowd like leaves in an autumn wind.

An old-stager, he pays it no attention, and has learned how to avoid being pestered by autograph hounds—he just doesn't seem to see them. It works.

As a matter of fact Boyer has not only a remarkable knack of not seeing, he's equally adept at not being seen. Boyer at Ste Hilaire might be the original "now you see him, now you don't," he is as near to invisible as a man can get. You wouldn't think you could hide anything on wide church steps in full view of the crowd on the grass. But Boyer manages it.

In the course of harassed, star-gazing years he has learned the trick of being supremely unobtrusive in a crowd. Until he opens his unmistakable mouth! And that isn't often, for Boyer spends his time on the set in huddles with the director or painstakingly and patiently rehearsing, and off the set, for all we know, in practicing Yogi.

Readyng for a take Boyer is rather like a worried businessman at a stockholders' meeting, alert to suggestion, but just a little *scared*. The only sign of glamour is an inevitable cigarette in a long holder; the only indication of temperament his quick annihilating look at any unauthorized rubberneck who managed to crash the set. For 20th Century are strict about privacy. Woe betide the star-struck extra who figures his \$6 includes a close-up of the stars in action. It doesn't.

Local talent finds the rigid caste system just a little silly.

"You wait till you're spoken to," says an irritated aide. "And you don't leave. You wait till you're dismissed!"

On the other hand they learn a lot, like the meticulous attention to detail.

Lighting, camera angles, tricks of synchronizing already recorded sound track with later action, these, the keen-eyed stalwarts of a budding Canadian industry, could absorb for later use. And the behavior pattern of stardom, all the way up the scale from obvious attention-seekers to the aloofness at the top ("studied," some call it, or "only natural" say the more charitable) provides both entertainment for the cynical observer, an object lesson for our own budding talent, and a sometimes surprising revelation of the folks behind the faces familiar from Skowhegan to Sioux Falls. +



UGLY—“Salon work is very hard on hands,” says Barbara Ellis, Toronto hair stylist. “And since that’s my profession, I have to be especially careful about giving my hands the proper care. They get red and rough so easily.”



LOVELY—“But my hands always look their ‘Sunday best,’” she continues, “because Noxzema has been my stand by for years. This wonderful greaseless cream is my regular hand cream, and helps protect them from chapping.”

Lovelier Hands in 24 Hours ... or your money back!

**Skin Specialists' tests prove
Noxzema softens, whitens, helps
heal red, rough “Working
Hands”—Chapped Hands**

• **Read the real experiences of women just like you**... women who know what remarkable results Noxzema *medicated* hand care can bring. Then, if *your* hands are red, rough and chapped from your daily work, dishwashing, endless household chores... see how *much* lovelier they can look—in 24 hours. In actual *doctors'* tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed great improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema *medicated* hand care!

Read What Noxzema Can Do For You!

1. Soften, whiten red, rough “Working Hands.”
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, chapped skin!
3. Help heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Important! Supply a soothing, protective film of oil and moisture to the outer surface of the skin!
5. And—it's a snow-white, dainty, *greaseless* cream!



Chapped hands are cut hands—they hurt! And you need a cream that not only helps soothe and heal the soreness—but also helps those raw, chapped hands look lovely again. *Greaseless, medicated* Noxzema goes right to work—both ways! It helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—quickly. It helps chapped hands feel so much better and look so much softer, smoother, lovelier!

Helps “Housework Hands” Re-gain Their Natural Beauty! When daily household chores leave your hands red, rough and unattractive—let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. It softens, smooths and whitens unsightly “Housework Hands”—often overnight! And it's *greaseless*—never leaves hands feeling “sticky,” doesn't stain!

NOXZEMA WORKS—OR MONEY BACK

No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, *medicated* Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement—in 24 hours—just return your jar to Noxzema, Toronto, Canada—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted with results!



Canadian women praise new hand care with greaseless, medicated Noxzema!

Mrs. Phyllis Elliott, Calgary housewife, says: “Between my daily household routine and outside sports, my hands could very easily look red and rough. But thanks to regular Noxzema care, my hands always look their loveliest!”



Mrs. Marguerite Macdonald, Edmonton housewife, says, “Cooking, washing and house-cleaning often leave the skin on my hands sore, cracked and chapped. Yet, thanks to the speed with which Noxzema heals and soothes, softens and smooths, most people assume I have household help! I use Noxzema constantly to keep my hands lovely.”

**Chapped Hands Special
Twice as much
NOXZEMA for your
money!**

**Big 10 oz. Jar \$1.00
for only** **Limited
time only**

**CHEESELOVERS
ARE AMAZED that a package so neat
brings slices!**

**MELLOW, RICHER
FLAVOR
IN EVERY SLICE!**

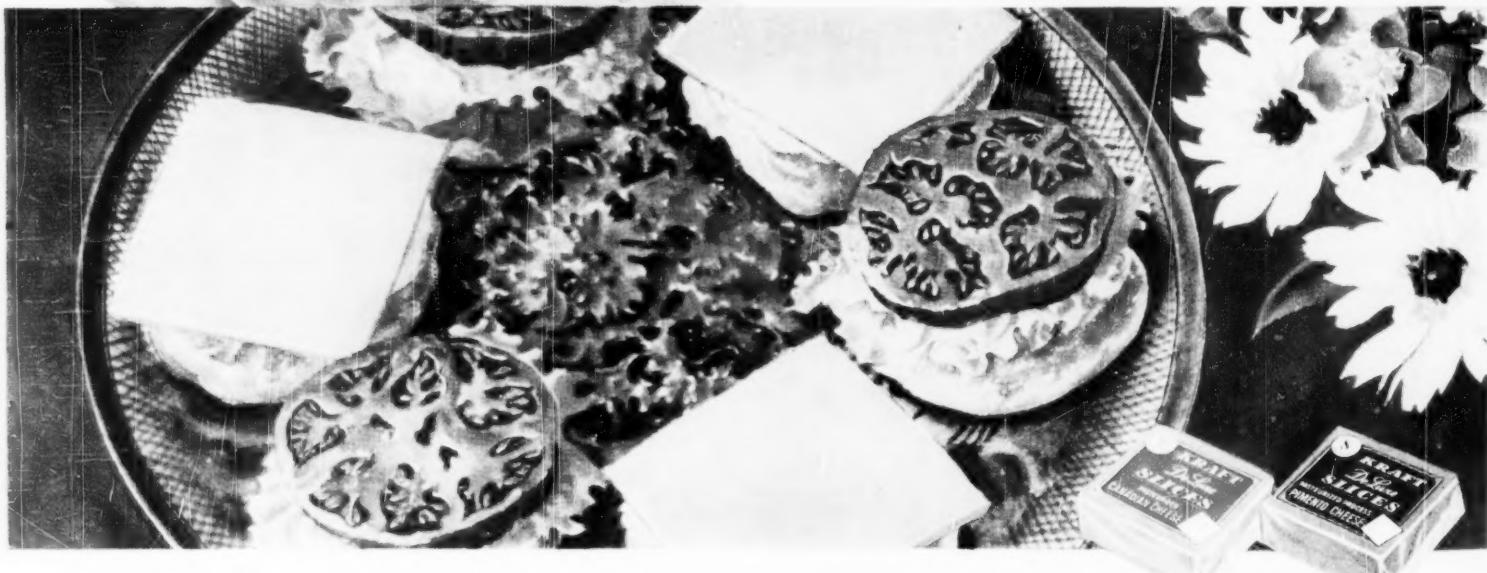


**cut...wrapped...
sealed by Kraft right
after the process cheese
is pasteurized!**

Now—no more guessing when you buy ready-sliced cheese! Here's grand flavor every time! *Perfect* slices every time (no slivers, no dried out edges!) They're *Kraft-protected* slices—sealed in such a neat $1\frac{1}{2}$ -pound package some women "can't believe" it holds eight slices.

An exclusive new invention makes possible these Kraft *De Luxe* Slices that are formed and cut *right* after the mellow process cheese is pasteurized; then immediately wrapped and sealed! *Every* slice *extra* mellow!

You'll be delighted with Kraft *De Luxe* Slices—keep them on hand regularly for sandwiches, snacks. Look for the neat package of Kraft *De Luxe* Slices right away in your grocer's refrigerator case.



NOW! 4 FAVORITE KINDS—Canadian • Pimento • Swiss • Old English Brand (Sharp)

KRAFT *De Luxe* SLICES

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT





JEAN MERRILL

Mrs. J. F. Hart, of Brighton, Ont., one of *Chatelaine's* bright young councilors, bakes her sons' favorite cake—chocolate. Wendy Hart, down under, looks on. (See page 34 for cake recipe.)

50 FAVORITE RECIPES from *Chatelaine* Councilors

"What'll I have for supper tomorrow—for tea on Friday—for a special breakfast treat on Sunday morning?"

Stop racking your tired brain and add these 50 favorite recipes to your favorite, and coast along for a few months on someone else's discoveries.

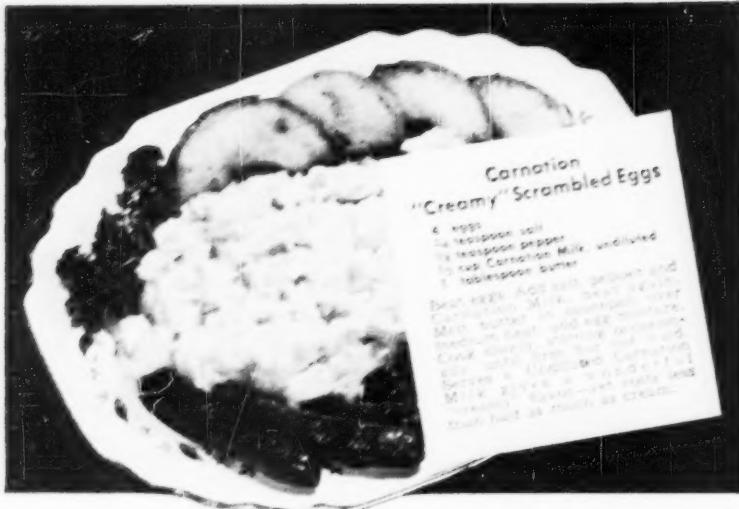
You will find among them some specially tasty supper dishes such as barbecued spare ribs, economical ham and egg pie and an Italian spaghetti with a particularly piquant sauce; cakes with imaginative icing treatments; four bread-roll recipes chosen for their unusualness; a collection of herb mustards which will add a tangy and interesting flavor to many dishes and a French dressing that has brought its donor a host of compliments.

All of these 50 recipes are Councilor-tested. This means that they were chosen by our councilors as their favorites because their families approved and because they had stood the test of repetition. They were also hand-picked by us from almost 1,500 sent in by enthusiastic Consumer Council members. Selecting 50 from such a large number was difficult because there were so many top-notchers to choose from.

Because we consider the majority of these 1,500 recipes too good to be missed, we are planning to put the best of them together in a booklet. But for the present, turn over the pages for your 50 Councilor-tested, hand-picked recipes.

Whether it's Love, Marriage, Insurance, Home Ownership
... *Chatelaine* goes to its Councilors for their opinions and
experiences. This month it's their favorite food . . . *BY MARY JUKES*

from Scrambled Eggs



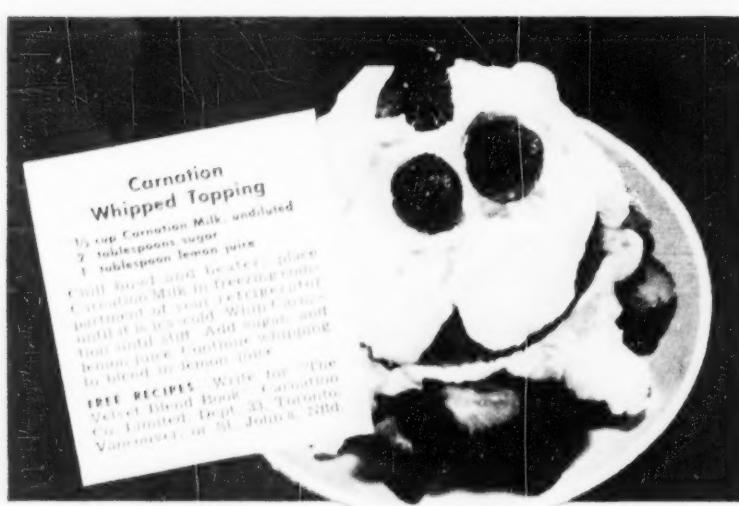
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LISTEN to Lucy Martin and Jo Statford on "The Contented House," every Sunday night on the Dominion Broadcast. See your newspaper for time and station.



to Whipped Toppings

50 FAVORITES . . . SUPPER DISHES

ECONOMICAL HAM & EGG PIE

"Extremely popular—very economical"—Mrs. N. Green, Maser, B.C.

1 can prepared biscuits	3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup dried onions	6 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons chopped onions	2 cups milk
3/4 cup chopped celery	Salt to taste
	2 hard-cooked eggs

Brown onions and celery in butter. Add flour. Stir in milk. Cook until thick. Season. Add quartered eggs and cubed meat. Make half recipe of regular biscuit dough. Put mixture into a casserole. Pat dough into a circle and cut into pie-shaped wedges. Put on top of casserole. Bake 30 minutes at 400 deg. F. Serves 4 to 6.

BEAN CASSEROLE

"A favorite with my children"—Mrs. N. G. Aitken, Dauphin, Man.

2 cups dried beans	3/4 teaspoon pepper
2 carrots	1 cup diced left-over meat or bacon
2 onions	1/2 cup canned tomatoes
1/2 cup canned tomatoes	2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoons salt	

Salt beans overnight and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Add sliced carrots, onions, tomatoes and meat. Season with salt and pepper. Put in greased casserole and bake until vegetables are tender.

Served with a green salad makes a very economical supper dish.



ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

"Economical and tasty"—Mrs. Gustave Auger, Quebec, Que.

1/2 lb. lean ground pork	1 or 2 teaspoons mixed spices
1/2 lb. ground beef	1 pinch cloves, nutmeg, cayenne
1 can (20 ounces) tomatoes	1 teaspoon (heaping) powdered sugar
1 can (4 ounces) tomato paste	1 tablespoon gravy coloring
Red pepper to taste	1 lb. spaghetti
10 onions, sliced and fried in oil with garlic	1 bayleaf

Brown the ground meat in olive oil. In another pan brown onions lightly with seasonings. Then put the two mixtures together with the tomatoes and the tomato paste, and red pepper. If more liquid is needed, add tomato juice. Cook for two hours at a low heat. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water no longer than 20 minutes. Drain well.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

"For that 'extra special dinner'"—Mrs. I. A. Macfarlane, Kelowna, B.C.

2 lbs. spareribs	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 medium onion	2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons fat	1/2 cup water
1/2 cup lemon juice	1 cup chili sauce or ketchup
2 tablespoons vinegar	Salt & pepper

Cut spareribs in serving portions. Place in baking pan, bake at 350 deg F. for 30 minutes. Chop onion. Brown in fat. Add lemon juice, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, brown sugar, water, chili sauce, salt and pepper. Cook slowly 20 minutes. Pour over spareribs. Continue baking one hour. Serves four.

SUPPER CASSEROLE*"Also delicious using cooked macaroni in place of peas."**—Mrs. A. Leacock, Easton's Corners, Ont.*

1/2 lb. ground round steak (or any ground beef)	1 tablespoon Worcester- shire Sauce, salt, pep- per
1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes	1 can peas
1/3 cup chopped onions	
Bread crumbs buttered	

Brown the meat well in frying pan. Add tomatoes, onions, seasoning and simmer well. In a greased casserole place alternative layers of peas and meat sauce. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake 20 minutes at 450 deg. F. Serves four.

**CHEESE SOUFFLE***"Favorite all-purpose main course dish"**—Mrs. G. G. Johnson, Vancouver, B.C.*

4 tablespoons butter or mar- garine	Few grains cayenne
2 tablespoons flour	1/2 cup (packed) grated cheese, medium or old
1 cup scalded milk	4 egg yolks, beaten very light
1/2 teaspoon salt	4 egg whites, beaten stiff

Melt butter or margarine, add flour. Add gradually, hot milk. Stir until thick and smooth. Add salt, cayenne, cheese and beaten yolks. Remove from fire. Cool. Fold in egg whites. Pour into well-oiled large casserole and bake in 350 deg. F. 45 minutes. If you prefer very soft souffle bake 30 minutes.

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI*"Perfect hot casserole for a buffet supper."**—Mrs. K. M. Dennis, Sudbury, Ont.*

Prepare a boiled chicken. (Did you ever throw into the boiling pot with the chicken an onion studded with cloves?) Cut the meat from the bones in shreds. There should be about 2 or 3 cupfuls. Cook 1/2 pound spaghetti. Add to this 1/2 pound sauteed mushrooms. Make a sauce of:

3 tablespoons butter or chicken fat	2 cups chicken broth
2 tablespoons flour	Seasoning
	Remove from fire. Add:
	1 cup heavy cream, heated
	2 tablespoons cooking sherry

Pour sauce over the chicken, spaghetti and mushroom mixture and place in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese and bake at 375 deg. F. until lightly browned. (You may add to the chicken—1/2 cup almonds, blanched and shredded.)

**OXTAIL STEW***"Nourishing dinner, all in one."—Mrs. S. M. Baker, Hamilton, Ont.*

1 large oxtail (cut in pieces)	Green pepper (optional)
3 small onions (chopped)	Carrots
2 tablespoons bacon dripping	Potatoes
1 teaspoon white sugar	Turnip (optional)
2 teaspoons salt	1 can tomato soup or 2 cups tomatoes sieved
1 tsp. black pepper	Parsley
Bayleaf	1 cup celery

Brown onions in fat, dredge meat in flour and brown. Add black pepper, sugar, bayleaf, chopped green pepper and celery, tomatoes and enough cold water barely to cover the meat. Simmer until meat is tender, approx. 4 hours. Add salt, potatoes, turnip and carrots, and cook till meat falls off bones. Remove meat and vegetables, thicken sauce, add parsley and pour over stew.



Only pedigree tomatoes are good enough for Heinz

When Heinz sits in judgment on the Leamington harvest, nothing but the best tomatoes are selected. Seedlings are reared in special hot-houses from Heinz own pedigree seeds—transplanted and tended by farmers whose soil and methods of growing meet Heinz high standards. All summer long, Heinz travelling field experts carefully supervise the sturdy flourishing plants.

At last, at the peak of perfection, the plump, vine-ripened tomatoes flow into the Heinz kitchens and are bottled for year-round enjoyment by thousands of Canadians so that now in the winter you can brighten menus with products of September sunshine.

Keep one bottle on the table and another in the kitchen as an aid in cooking. Many recipes, such as the one below, gain spicy savour from the world's best-selling Ketchup.

RECIPE

BARBECUED PORK CHOPS

Brown 4 pork chops richly in a little heated dripping or shortening and pour off all fat; add 3/4 cup coarsely-chopped onion to the chops and sprinkle with 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon chili powder, few grains pepper, 4 teaspoons vinegar and 1 1/2 teaspoons Worcester-Sauce; pour in 1/3 cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup; pour in 1/2 cup water. Cover closely and simmer, turning twice, until chops are tender—about 1 1/4 hours. Arrange chops-in-sauce on a heated platter with crisp French-fried potatoes and garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

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YOUR GROCER'S
TODAY!



PORK CHOPS SUPREME

"Both chops and gravy have an unusually delightful flavor."

—Mrs. W. D. Clark, Bright, Ont.

6 lean pork chops

1/2 to 1/4 cup brown sugar

6 thin slices lemon

1/2 cup tomato catsup

Place chops in a baking dish and on each place a thin slice of lemon. Sprinkle generously with brown sugar. Add catsup. Cover and bake at 350 deg. F. about three quarters of an hour. Uncover during last 15 minutes of baking. Remove chops, pour all but 2 tablespoons fat from pan, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir till well browned. Add 1 1/2 cups water. Stir till smooth. Season with salt and pepper.

VEAL CURRY

"I find it difficult to use up veal." —Mrs. A. Parkinson, Montreal, Que.

1 medium-size onion—minced

1 apple, peeled and chopped

1/2 cup margarine (or drippings)

1/2 cup flour

1 or 2 tablespoons curry powder (taste)

1/2 teaspoons salt

1/2 teaspoon pepper

1/4 teaspoon ginger (powdered)

1 cup broth or gravy

1 cup milk

1/2 cup cream (optional)

1/2 lemon juice

3 cups cooked veal-cut coarse

4 cups hot cooked rice

Cook onion and apple in margarine or drippings, over direct heat until light brown. Blend in flour and seasonings. Add broth, milk and cream slowly and cook over low heat, stirring until thick. Cover and cook 10 minutes longer. Add lemon juice and meat and heat thoroughly. Serve with rice.

MEAT LOAF

"This recipe serves 10, but can be easily cut for smaller family."

—Mrs. H. R. Cruise, Beaconsfield, Que.

2 pounds minced beef

1/2 pound minced shoulder pork (optional)

1 cup milk, gravy or tomato juice

2 eggs

1 cup rolled oats

1/2 teaspoons salt

1/4 teaspoon pepper

Pinch of sage

4 tablespoons finely chopped onion



Mix beef and pork. Beat eggs, add milk, gravy or juice and blend well with meat mixture. Add oats and seasoning. Stir until smooth. Pack in loaf tin and cover with greased paper. Bake at 375 deg. F. for one hour and 15 minutes.

HAMBURGER CARROT ROLL

"Good for a hot dinner or excellent as a cold sliced meat."

—Mrs. J. J. Stackhouse, Galt, Ont.

1 pound hamburger mixed with

1 cup of bread crumbs

1 teaspoon salt

Finely chopped onion to taste

1 cup milk (substitute left-over soup)

Spread moist mixture on sheet of waxed paper. Roll with wet rolling pin to one-half-inch thickness. Square off the edges. Cover one-half inch deep with grated raw carrots. Roll in jelly roll fashion. Bake one hour at 250 to 300 deg. F.

HOT POTATO SALAD

"Uses up bits and scraps and is delicious."

—Mrs. H. J. Hunt, Washago, Ont.

Butter a casserole dish—cut up 2 cups cold potatoes and 1 onion. Add 1 cup of cheese, grated or in pieces, a good-sized piece of butter or margarine, salt and pepper, and any scraps of ham or three or four slices of bacon or chopped bologna. Slip into a hot oven until cheese is melted and bacon cooked. Amount may be varied according to the number to serve.

What's Your Family's Favourite Cake?

Every housewife has a "specialty" that brings forth applause from the family every time it's served. Here's a simple way to make any cake a "headline" feature in your home—be it a pineapple upside down, fluffy strawberry shortcake or spicy gingerbread'n applesauce—Just bake their favourite better and quicker with Shirriff's wonderful cake mixes. The finest ingredients are right in the mix. All you do is add milk . . . and you get a high, light, beautiful cake every time. If your family likes variety, bake 'em grand tasting cakes like these:



How they'll beam when you serve this handsome Chocolate-Pineapple cake! Make up a Shirriff's Chocolate Cake Mix, reducing the liquid by 3 tablespoonsfuls. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained crushed pineapple. Mm-m! That fruity flavour tastes extra good with Shirriff's special and exclusive blend of imported Dutch chocolate!



For a Mocha-Nut cake like this, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced nuts to Shirriff's White Cake Mix. Frost with fluffy mocha icing. See for yourself what wonderfully different cakes you can bake with Shirriff's feather-light mixes. Recipes for delicious variations are given on every box.



Het gingerbread, snuggled in a basket—what old fashioned molasses'n spice goodness! You make it in minutes from Shirriff's Gingerbread Mix. All the wholesome ingredients are blended for you in Shirriff's kitchens. Just add water, and bake this fragrant, tender gingerbread. For fourteen other grand recipe suggestions using Shirriff's cake mixes just drop a line to Shirriff's Limited, Box 96, Toronto.

Everybody loves

SHIRRIFF'S

OUR COVER CAKE



DAFFODIL CAKE

Here's a slice of our cover cake. It's as pretty inside as it is out. And we chose it from 150 cake entries because it's as good to eat as it is to look at.

Mrs. Mary Humphrey of De Winton, Alta., says this about her recipe. "It has been a favorite birthday cake with us for years."

White Part

- 6 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
- Pinch salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder

Beat egg whites till stiff, add cream of tartar. Fold in sugar, vanilla and flour sifted three times with baking powder and salt. Put in bottom of angel cake pan.

Yellow Part

- 6 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons hot water
- Pinch salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

Beat egg yolks with hot water and salt until light and lemon colored. Add sugar, vanilla and flour sifted three times with baking powder. Add on top of white part and cook in oven 375 deg. F. for about 35 minutes. Variation: Batters may be put in pans one spoon of each at a time, alternating colors.

... Make

your table

Sing!

Seven glittering colors.

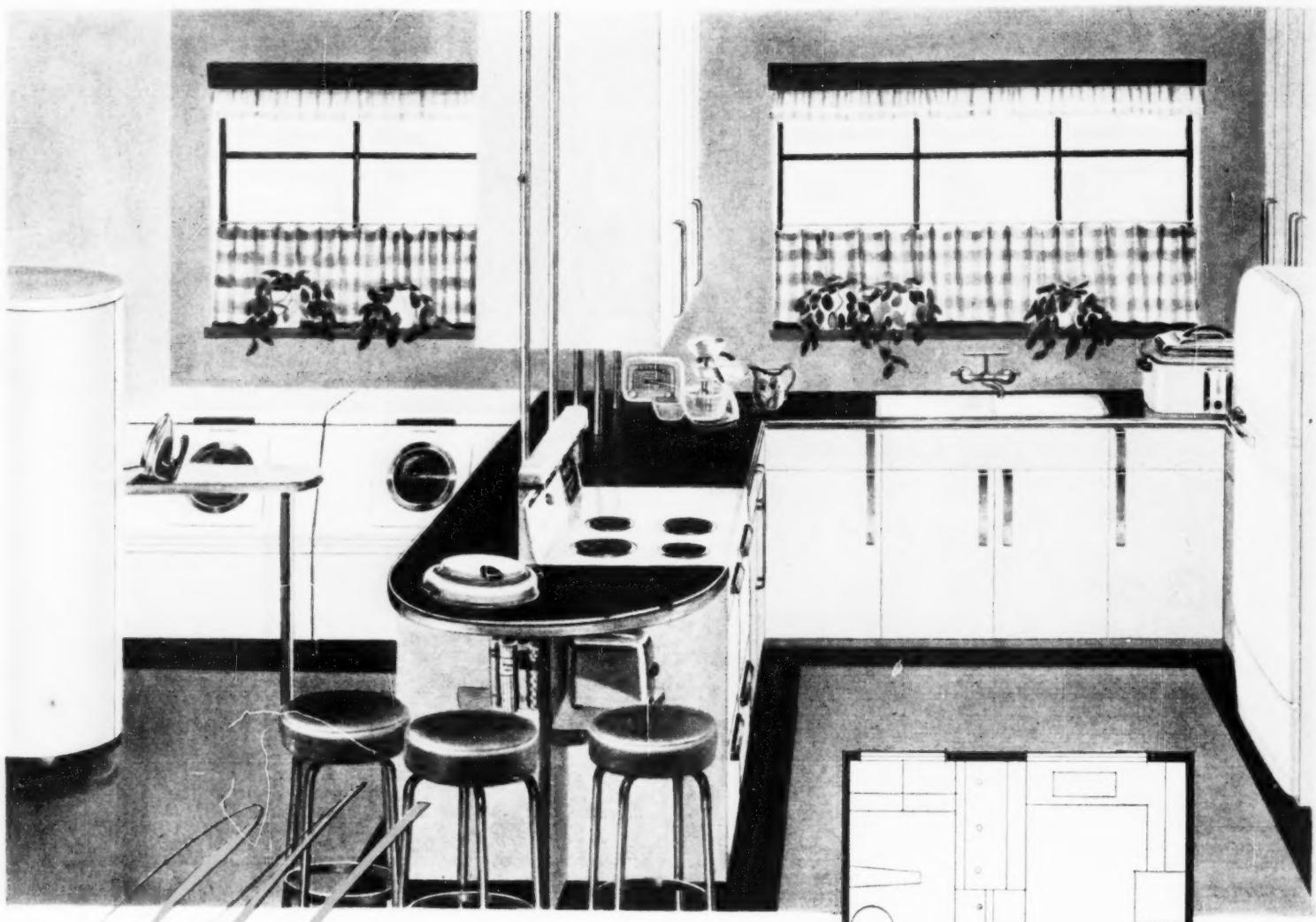
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Its colour and its flavour will make your table sing.



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Many delightful new waffle treats can be made by simply adding fresh or preserved fruits, bacon, ham, etc., to a basic waffle-mix and cooking it to a tempting golden brown in the Westinghouse Adjustomatic Waffle Baker. \$24.95.



Ham 'n' eggs . . . or bacon and eggs . . . corned beef hash and tasty griddle cakes! It's so quick and easy to fix a toothsome breakfast or luncheon delicacy on the convenient Westinghouse "Menu Master" Electric Griddle. \$19.50

Maybe you'll keep it in the kitchen . . . but you'll use this handy Westinghouse Hand Vac all over the house . . . for cleaning drapes, upholstery, lamp shades. And, with the Floor-Vac Handle, it does a wonderful job of cleaning rugs, carpets. \$39.95. Floor-Vac Handle, \$7.95.



Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.



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Another popular favorite is this Westinghouse Turn-over Toaster. The drop sides allow you to toast rolls, muffins or crumpets just as easily as bread. It's really fast, too. \$9.95.



To dress up your table . . . and make the most delicious toast, two slices both sides, at once . . . Westinghouse has designed this smartly modern Autocrat Toaster. The toast stays hot . . . the handles stay cool! \$17.95.



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"M-m-m-m! Is that good!" is the finest tribute anybody can pay a good cook . . . or a good range. And, a range like this big, beautiful new Westinghouse Automatic makes it easy to be a good cook **all the time**. The Miracle Oven is so dependable, with evenly balanced heat and superaccurate heat control. Surface elements are faster, cleaner, more convenient. Everything is designed for your convenience. Super de luxe Model shown here \$379.

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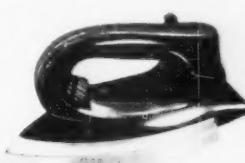
The perfect companion for your Laundromat . . . the Westinghouse Electric Clothes Drier makes you independent of the weather . . . ends the bother of unsightly clothes-lines. Just set the automatic "Dry-Dial." Clothes are dried quickly; come out sweet, fresh and wrinkle-free. They're easier to iron . . . a joy to fold and put away. \$299.50.



Baked Ham with Raisin Sauce. Baked Sweet Potatoes. Steamed Beets. Hot Biscuits. Lemon Pie! Just one of the tempting "oven dinners" you can cook in this automatic Westinghouse Roaster Oven. It's a complete, portable electric oven that you can use anywhere there's an electric outlet. De Luxe Model. \$49.75. Model RW22, \$42.50.



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50 FAVORITES . . . CAKES

BLITZEN CAKE

"This recipe costs between 50c and 55c, depending on price of eggs. (Basis, 60c a doz.)" - Mrs. B. A. Hale, Singhampton, Ont.

1st Part	1 cup flour
½ cup white sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
½ cup shortening or margarine	½ teaspoon vanilla
3 egg yolks (beaten)	3/4 teaspoon salt
½ cup sweet milk	½ teaspoon lemon flavoring

Cream shortening, add white sugar and cream well. Then add egg yolks and mix well. Sift dry ingredients three times and add alternately with liquid ingredients. Spread in two layer cake pans, well greased. Dough thick, do not add any extra liquid.



2nd Part

Beat whites of 4 eggs stiff but not dry. Add gradually ½ cup white sugar, beating till well blended. Spread over first part in pans, sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Bake at 325 deg. F. 30 to 35 minutes.

3rd Part	1 ½ teaspoons cornstarch
1 egg yolk	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons white sugar	1 teaspoon margarine or butter
1 cup sweet milk	

Cook first 4 ingredients over hot water till thick, cool slightly, add vanilla and margarine, spread on first layer of cake taken from pan, nut side up. Put second layer on top, nut side up. Ready to eat, warm or cold. Cuts 8 large wedges.

ORANGE CAKE

"So economical, yet is festive enough for company fare." -

Mrs. O. F. Denstedt, Montreal, Que.

½ cup shortening	1 cup sour milk
½ cup white sugar	1 teaspoon baking soda
1 egg	Grated rind of 1 large orange
Pinch salt	½ cup brown sugar
2 cups sifted flour	4 tablespoons orange juice
1 cup seedless raisins	

Simmer the raisins 15 to 20 minutes in sufficient water to cover, then drain. Have other ingredients at room temperature. Cream together shortening and white sugar. Add the beaten egg. Sift flour and salt together. Add soda to sour milk and combine alternately with the flour to the first mixture. Flour raisins and orange rind before adding. Stir just enough to combine all ingredients well. Turn into a pan 3 in. deep. Either an 8-in. square pan or round pan 8 in. in diameter is suitable. Bake 45 to 50 minutes at 350 deg. F. While still in the pan and quite warm, baste with the orange juice and brown sugar until the mixture is all absorbed.

FAVORITE RIBBON BIRTHDAY CAKE

"This a very special significance at our house." -

Mrs. Ray Olson, Edmonton, Alta.

2½ cups cake flour	1 cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon almond extract
½ cup butter or margarine	1 oz. unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups granulated sugar	1 tablespoon water, yellow coloring
3 eggs	

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, cream until fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour mixture and milk alternately, a small amount at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Divide batter into three portions - to first add vanilla and a few drops of yellow coloring - to second add a few drops of red coloring and almond extract - to third fold in melted and cooled chocolate and water.



Pour each batter into well-greased and floured 8-in. round layer cake pans. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 30 minutes or until done.

When cool, frost between layers and on top with butter icing, tinting half of it pink for sides of cake, and decorate.

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VINARTERTA CAKE

"Rarely have a tea without serving it."
—Mrs. D. W. Matheson, Yorkton, Sask.

1 cup butter
1 1/2 cups fine granulated sugar
2 eggs (large)
2 tablespoons cream
4 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon almond extract
Pinch of salt

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and eggs one at a time. Sift dry ingredients and work into first mixture. Add flavoring. Knead in all the flour, divide into five equal parts. Grease and flour five 9-in. layer cake tins. Roll each part out in the pan with a floured plain tumbler. Bake to a golden color at 350 deg. F. Remove from tin while hot as they become quite hard. Put together while warm with prune filling.

Filling

1 lb. prunes, boiled and stoned and put through food chopper
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1/2 cup water that prunes were boiled in. Bring this to a boil and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Let stand about a day in a tin before cutting.

MATRIMONIAL CAKE

"Easy to make." —Mrs. Sam Armstrong, Hamilton, Ont.

2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
2 1/2 cups rolled oats
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 cup shortening
1 1/2 lb. dates
1 1/2 cups hot water
1 teaspoon vanilla

sift the dry ingredients together, then mix with the rolled oats and brown sugar. Into this mixture chop your solid shortening. Spread half of this crumbly mixture into a pan about 12 in. square or a little larger. Over it put a layer of the date filling and cover with the remaining half of the crumb mixture. Bake in moderate oven 350 deg. F. 45 to 60 minutes, depending on the depth of your cake. Date Filling—Cook the pitted dates and water until thick. Add vanilla.

BANANA CAKE

"Easy to make — no failures." —Mrs. Carrie MacDonald, Brigden, Ont.

1/2 cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon baking soda
4 teaspoons boiling water
1 cup mashed bananas
2 cups sifted flour
2 level teaspoons baking powder
Pinch salt
1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs. Dissolve soda in boiling water and add mashed bananas. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately with banana mixture, adding nuts and vanilla last. Bake at 350 deg. F. 40 minutes in a greased 8-in. square pan.

Hurry up!

there's hot dogs for lunch



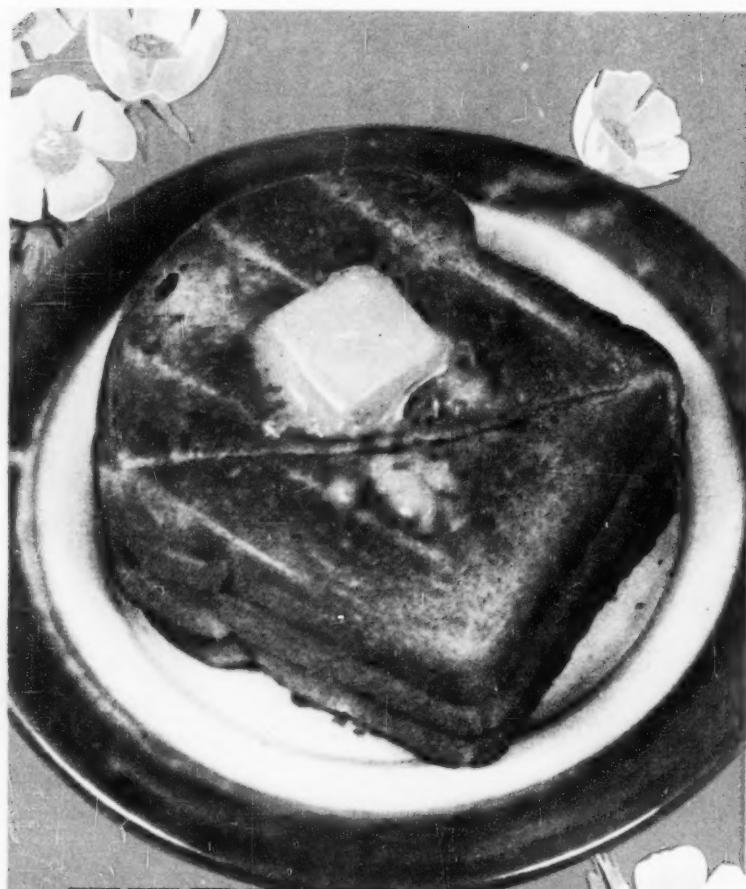
**So simple to serve!
So nourishing, too!**

Children need a hot lunch in winter—and how they love "hot dogs". And, mothers—you can serve wieners made the Skinless way with confidence—they're so tender and easy to digest. Wieners and frankfurters give the children nourishing proteins too! So for lunches that are quick, nourishing and economical as well—serve wieners at least once a week.

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2 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
6 slices bread $\frac{2}{3}$ cups milk

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CHERRY CAKE

"A delicious cake and so attractive to serve with afternoon tea."
—Mrs. Daphne Alcock, Corner Brook, Nfld.

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 eggs
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup warm milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon lemon flavoring
2 cups cut cherries (maraschino or glace)



Cream butter and sugar well, then add lemon flavoring. Add well-beaten eggs. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder, then add alternately with the milk to the above mixture. Lastly add vanilla flavoring, then the cut cherries, well floured. Bake until done—about two hours and 20 minutes—in a covered tin at 325 deg. F.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

"It is 'tops' with me."—Mrs. J. F. Hart, Brighton, Ont. (see page 25)

2 squares chocolate (2 oz.) unsweetened	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups cake flour
1 heaping tablespoon butter	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar	1 scant teaspoon soda
1 cup milk 1 egg	Pinch salt 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter and chocolate together and cool slightly. Into large mixing bowl put egg, sugar, melted butter and chocolate and milk. Then sift in flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Beat all with rotary egg beater for 5 minutes. Add vanilla. Bake in layer tins or 9-in. square pan about 35 minutes at 325 deg. F.

QUEEN ELIZABETH CAKE

"Keeps fresh and moist for days."—Mrs. E. Bunting, Sarnia, Ont.

1 cup boiling water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts
1 cup chopped dates	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking soda	1 teaspoon baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup granulated sugar	
1 egg	
1 teaspoon vanilla	

First add soda to dates, pour boiling water over, let cool. Cream shortening, add sugar. Cream well. Beat in egg, vanilla and salt. Add flour, baking powder and nuts alternately with the date mixture. Bake at 350 deg. F. for one hour. Use an 8 in. by 12 in. pan.



ICING

5 tablespoons brown sugar	2 tablespoons cream
3 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut

Boil 3 minutes. Pour on hot cake and brown in oven.

50 FAVORITES . . . DESSERTS

LEMON CRUMBLE

"Splendid party dish."—Mrs. H. R. Vigar, Woodstock, Ont.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	2 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup white sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups soda cracker crumbs, rolled fine
3 dessertspoons milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut
1 cup flour	

Crumble these ingredients together with fingers or pastry mixer. Spread 2-3 of mixture in greased cake pan about 8 in. by 13 in. Cover with following lemon filling and top with remainder of crumbs. Bake about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at 350 deg. F.

LEMON FILLING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-purpose flour	3 egg yolks
2 tablespoons cornstarch	6 tablespoons lemon juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons grated rind

Combine 1 cup sugar, flour, cornstarch, salt. Add boiling water. Cook in double boiler until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Cover and cook 15 minutes. Beat egg yolks with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Gradually pour hot mixture over them while stirring. Return to double boiler and cook five minutes longer. Just before removing from fire, add lemon juice and rind. Cool.

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CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT ROLL

"We think this is delicious."—Mrs. H. S. Gibson, Brandon, Man.

1/2 cup icing sugar
6 tablespoons cake flour
3 tablespoons cocoa
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 eggs, separated
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Sift and measure sugar. Add flour, cocoa, baking powder and salt. Then sift three times. Beat egg yolks till thick. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Fold yolks into whites. Add vanilla. Sift small quantity dry ingredients over egg mixture and fold in gently. Continue this until all is added.

Pour into shallow baking pan 12 in. by 15 in. by 1/2 in. Lined with waxed paper, greased lightly. Bake in 350 deg. F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Turn cake onto waxed paper sprinkled with sifted icing sugar. Quickly remove paper from bottom of cake and roll in the waxed paper. When cake is cool, unroll gently and fill with the following filling. Roll back into shape again, ice with chocolate butter icing or dust with icing sugar. Slice and serve with whipped cream or ice cream. Serves 6 to 8.

FILLING

1 teaspoon plain gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
1 cup whipping cream
1/2 cup icing sugar
2 to 3 drops oil of peppermint
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 to 3 drops green coloring

Sprinkle gelatine over water, let stand five minutes. Place over hot water to dissolve. Cool. Whip cream and gradually add liquid gelatine. Beat till stiff, then add sugar, salt, peppermint and coloring. Place in frig. for at least one hour before using in cake.

FRENCH CREAM PIE

"My teen-agers chose this."—Mrs. N. A. Belfry, Uxbridge, Ont.

1 cup white sugar
1 cup raisins
1 cup sour cream or
1/2 cup cream and 1/2 cup milk
1 1/3 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 beaten egg

Mix first five ingredients together, add beaten egg. Cook in double boiler until thick, remove from stove. Add 1 teaspoon soda. Put in baked pie shell. Chill; cover with whipped cream.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING

"Quick and easy. My family loves it."—Mrs. F. Barker, Brownsburg, Que.

1 cup sugar
Piece of butter or shortening
1 cup milk
1 cup flour, sifted
Pinch salt
1 teaspoon baking powder

Make a soft dough of the above ingredients. Put in a greased pan and over it pour the following:

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1 cup coconut
2 or 2 1/2 cups hot water

Bake to a golden brown at 350 deg. F. for about 25 minutes.



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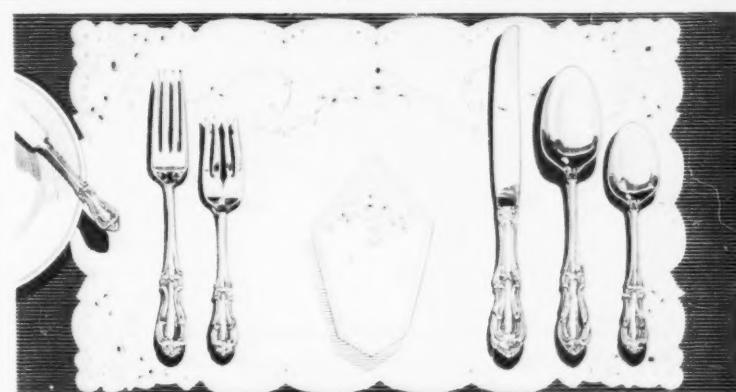
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D-2

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BUTTERFLY BUNS

(Makes 20 Buns)

Measure into a large bowl
 ½ cup lukewarm water
 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

3/4 cup milk

1/4 cup granulated sugar

1 1/2 teaspoons salt

1/4 cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm; add to yeast mixture. Stir in

1 well-beaten egg

Stir in
 2 cups once-sifted bread flour
 and beat until smooth; work in

2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine

1/2 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down)

1 1/2 teaspoons ground cinnamon

1/2 cup washed and dried seedless raisins

1/4 cup chopped candied peels

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

It's the new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast! The modern form of Fleischmann's Yeast, relied on by three generations of Canadian women. No change in your recipes—just substitute one package of Fleischmann's new Dry Yeast for each cake of old-style yeast. Order a month's supply of Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

Piece into an oblong 2 1/2 inches long and 1 1/2 inches wide; loosen dough. Spread each oblong with

2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine

and sprinkle with the raisin mixture. Beginning at the long edges, roll each side up to the centre, jelly-roll fashion. Flatten slightly and cut each strip crosswise into 10 pieces. Using a lightly-floured handle of a knife, make a deep crease in the centre of each bun, parallel to the cut sides. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 18 minutes. If desired, cool and spread with confectioners' icing.



BAKED FUDGE DESSERT

"Light as a feather."—Mrs. Eleanor Pearce, Aylmer, Ont.

1 cup sifted cake flour	1/2 cup nuts chopped
2 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup white sugar	2 tablespoons melted shortening
3 tablespoons cocoa	

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add sugar, cocoa and nuts. Make a well in centre, add milk, vanilla and melted shortening. Stir lightly and rapidly. Pour batter into oiled 1 1/2-qt. casserole.

Topping:

4 tablespoons cocoa	1 teaspoon grated
1/2 cup brown sugar	orange rind
1 1/2 cups hot water	

Measure cocoa, brown sugar, hot water and orange rind into a bowl. Beat rapidly for 3 minutes. Pour over uncooked batter. Bake at 350 deg. F. until done. As this dessert bakes, the batter rises through the rich chocolate sauce. Serve it hot with whipped cream or ice cream.



STEAMED PUDDING

"Fine for using up odds and ends of bread."—Mrs. F. Hayes, Vanc., Ont.

2 cups dry bread crumbs put through a food chopper	1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup butter or margarine or half shortening	1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 egg	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup molasses	1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup raisins	3 tablespoons flour
	1/2 teaspoon salt

Pour into a greased mold or bowl. Cover tightly with waxed paper and steam for two hours.

SAUCE

1 cup brown sugar	1/2 cup milk
3 tablespoons flour	1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/4 teaspoon salt	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Mix all together in saucepan. Stir in 1 cup hot water, stirring until clear and thick, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and small piece of butter. More fruit can be added as desired.



SCHAUM TORTE

"Specialty for any celebration."—Mrs. L. Bergstrom, Saskatoon, Sask.

6 egg whites	1 tablespoon vinegar
2 cups sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla

Line two 8-in. layer pans with wax paper so that it comes up over the edges—do not grease pans. Beat egg whites stiff, add sugar gradually, then vinegar and vanilla, beating constantly. Divide into the layer cake pans, and bake one hour or until pale brown in color at 275 deg. F. Remove from oven and allow to cool slightly. Lift out by the edges of wax paper and continue cooling on racks. Put layers together with thick layer of sliced bananas. Slice bananas on top and ice the whole cake with whipped cream. Serves 10 to 12.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING

"A hearty winter dessert."—Mrs. M. Ashdown, Vancouver, B.C.

1/2 cup molasses	Pinch salt
1/2 cup brown sugar	Spices (cinnamon, nutmeg— 1 egg, beaten 1/2 teaspoon each)
1/2 cup butter	1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon soda	1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 cup sour milk	1/2 cup raisins

Cream butter, add sugar, molasses, egg. Add dry ingredients and milk alternately. Stir in raisins dredged in flour. Steam for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Serve with brown sugar sauce.



BROWN SUGAR SAUCE

1 tablespoon flour (heaping)	
2 tablespoons brown sugar	
1 tablespoon butter	

Mix well, add boiling water (about 1/2 cup) and cook till thick. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla.



TOASTED TOMATO DREAMS

(Principal ingredients: Bread, prepared mustard, onion, celery, green pepper (or pickle), bacon, and E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste.)

A very practical snack for informal entertaining. Delicious anytime. For two platesfuls just toast 8 slices of bread on one side. Spread untoasted side with prepared mustard. Combine one 6 oz. tin E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper (or sour pickles). Spread over mustard. Top with bacon squares. Toast under broiler. Toast under broiler until bacon crisps.

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PEACH BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

"Brings forth loud shouts of joy."—Mrs. J. L. Pawley, Edmonton, Alta.

Swedish pastry

2 cups pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lard or shortening

Place sifter in mixing bowl, sift flour, salt and baking powder. Work in with pastry mixer shortening, which has been left at room temperature. In a small bowl beat:

1 egg yolk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vinegar
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup ice cold water

With a spoon stir in the liquid mixture until flour mixture thickens. Toss and roll out with very little handling. Left-over pastry will keep rolled in waxed paper in refrigerator.

FILLING

1 large tin peaches
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Line pie tin with above pastry. Drain juice from peaches. Cut peaches up finely into pie shell (unbaked). Melt butter, add brown sugar, flour, and mace. Stir in peach syrup. Cook. When thick remove from fire and add lemon juice. Pour this sauce over the peaches and top the pie with fancy pastry strips. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 30 minutes.

BAKED APPLE CRISP

"It's the crispy topping that gets them."—Mrs. D. S. Drew, Aylmer, Que.

3 cups thinly sliced apples
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup quick rolled oats
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
1 cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts (optional)
Arrange apple slices in 6-in. by 10-in. baking dish. Combine flour, rolled oats, brown sugar. Cut in butter until size of small peas. Add chopped nuts and sprinkle evenly over the apples. Bake at 350 to 375 deg. F. 40 to 45 minutes or until apples are tender. Serve warm or cold, with or without cream as desired.

OPEN APPLE PIE

"May be served as is or topped with whipped cream."—Mrs. F. Hooper, Kitchener, Ont.

9-in. unbaked pastry shell
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-purpose flour
4 or 5 large cooking apples
Mix flour and sugar and cover bottom of the uncooked pie shell with this mixture. Arrange apples, which have been peeled and sliced, over this, and cover with the following:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
Pour over all:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
Bake at 350 deg. F. until pie crust is baked and top a golden brown. Fresh peaches are also delicious used this way.

Banana Milk Shake

Invitingly Yours

Take a fully ripe banana. Simply press it through a sieve. Stir into a glass of chilled MILK and mix thoroughly. There you have an invitation to goodness . . . a refreshing BANANA MILK SHAKE! So tempting . . . so satisfying . . . m-m-m, so very, very good!

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DAIRY FOODS SERVICE BUREAU



"Try this for a Sunday brunch."—Mrs. J. F. O'Gorman, Perth, Ont.

2 packages dry yeast	1/4 cup white sugar
1/4 cup lukewarm water	1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon white sugar	1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup milk	1 egg unbeaten
1/4 cup shortening	3 cups all-purpose flour

Sprinkle yeast on top of lukewarm water to which sugar has been added. Let stand until frothy—about 10 minutes; beat until smooth. Heat to lukewarm the milk, shortening, sugar, salt and lemon rind; beat in yeast mixture and egg. Add sifted flour cup by cup beating with dover beater as long as possible. Turn batter on a floured board (it is quite soft). Knead gently only long enough to smooth. Put back in oiled bowl, cover; let rise until light (about 45 minutes).

When light, turn on floured board and knead only long enough to release gas bubbles. Cut in half; roll each half to 10-in. circle; and place on two oiled pie pans. Put fruit filling on centre of each. Then turn outer edge toward centre, leaving hole one inch in diameter in centre. Snip ring with scissors in half a dozen places. Let rise until light. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 40 minutes. While still warm brush with melted butter, then corn syrup. Gives a nice glaze. For filling combine the following: 1 1/3 cup currants, 1 unbeaten egg, 1/4 cup brown sugar, 1/4 cup chopped nuts, 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries, and 1 tablespoon cherry juice.



BRAIDED TEA TWIST

"Delicious and easy to make."—Mrs. G. Morris, Metcalfe, Ont.

1 1/2 packages dry yeast	1 1/3 cup shortening
1 1/3 cup lukewarm water	2 well-beaten eggs
1 tablespoon grated orange rind	3 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
1 1/3 cup granulated sugar	1/4 cup almonds, chopped
1 1/2 teaspoons salt	3 tablespoons brown sugar
	1 tablespoon cinnamon

Sprinkle yeast in lukewarm water. Set aside for 15 minutes. Meantime, scald milk, with orange rind. Add sugar, salt and shortening. Cool to lukewarm. Add yeast, then beaten eggs. Add flour—cup by cup—beating well after each addition till dough is stiff enough to handle. Brush dough with melted shortening. Cover with towel and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk (about 1 1/2 hours). Knead until smooth on floured board. Divide dough into three parts. Roll each part 1/4-in. thick—about 12 in. by 10 in.

Combine nuts (leave about 10 almonds, halved for decoration on top of braid), brown sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle 1 1/3 of sugar mixture over each part. Roll like a jelly roll. Slightly twist roll from one end with hand in the centre, then from the other end. Lay the 3 rolls on greased cookie sheet and braid loosely, pinching ends together. Cover, let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake at 350 deg. F. 30 minutes. While still hot—glaze with the following: 2 tablespoons molasses and 2 tablespoons margarine boiled together 3 minutes in small pan. Brush on with pastry brush. When almost cool mix 1/4 cup confectioner's sugar with 1 teaspoon hot water—mix till smooth. Drop frosting on twist with spoon and sprinkle with 10 halved almonds.

KOOKA OR COFFEE CAKE

"Seldom has chance to cool."—Mrs. E. Mumby, Dunnville, Ont.

2 cups boiling water	2 packages fast-rising dry yeast
1/2 cup sugar	1/4 cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt	1 teaspoon sugar
1/4 cup shortening	2 eggs beaten
1/2 cup lukewarm water	2 cups sifted flour

Mix boiling water, sugar, salt and shortening together and let cool to lukewarm. To 1/2 cup lukewarm water add 1 teaspoon sugar. Dissolve. Sprinkle yeast on top of water. Let stand 10 or 15 minutes. Stir well and add to first mixture. Add beaten eggs, stir in 4 cups flour and beat thoroughly. Add remaining flour and beat thoroughly to a smooth dough. Then turn out on floured board and knead well or until no stickiness remains. Place in large greased bowl. Grease top of dough. Cover, let rise in warm place for about 2 hours. Punch down and divide into 4 equal parts. Shape into loaves and place in greased loaf pans, flattening the loaf down until it reaches the edge of the pan. Topping—Now spread dough with medium soft butter. Sprinkle well with yellow sugar, pressing it into the butter. Then sprinkle well with ground cinnamon, nut meats may be added. Cover and let rise in warm place about 2 hours. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 20 or 25 minutes.



take the "If" out of Cake Baking!



Butterscotch Upside-Down Cake

CAKE TALK

by
Frances Barton

There are two little tricks in cake-making that make a great difference between getting a cake that is merely all right—and a cake that is really superb! (Of course, I'm assuming you'll use only the finest ingredients—including Swans Down Cake Flour.)

Incomplete creaming of shortening leaves undissolved sugar crystals in the cake batter. The result is a coarse-grained cake. To cream until "light and fluffy" as most of our recipes say, let the shortening stand at room temperature until soft. Gradually add the sugar, beating thoroughly. The sugar should be dissolved as completely as possible in the fat—and enough air should be beaten in so that the mixture has a "whipped cream" appearance.

We do not usually depend on baking powder alone to give light, perfectly risen cakes. The beating of the eggs is also very important. This puts enough air into the batter, to work together with the other leavening. When eggs are added separately, they should be beaten until very thick, light and a pale creamy color. Do not use a fork—but a rotary egg beater or electric mixer. Beat as much air into the eggs as possible before blending them with the shortening and sugar mixture.

Exciting recipes for cakes, cookies, frostings in the booklet, "Learn to Bake—You'll Love It". Send 20¢ in coins, with your name and address, to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

1 1/4 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour

1 1/4 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder

1/4 teaspoon salt

1/4 cup granulated sugar

4 tablespoons softened shortening

1 egg, well beaten

1/2 cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar; sift 3 times. Add shortening. Combine egg, milk, and vanilla. Add to flour mixture, stirring until all flour is dampened; then beat vigorously 1 minute.

For "Upside-down" Ingredients: Melt 6 tablespoons butter in an 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan or 8-inch frying pan over low heat. Add 2 1/2 cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons water; cook until thoroughly mixed. Arrange whole pineapple slices and maraschino cherries (chopped nutmeats, if desired), in pattern in pan. Turn in batter. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 50 minutes. Turn out upside down. Serve warm, garnished with whipped cream.

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Swans Down is made from the best soft winter wheat—sifted and re-sifted until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. You can count on better cakes with Swans Down.

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QUICK OAT COOKIES

"These are very good."—Mrs. Huntley Walls, Fredericton, N.B.

1/2 cup of shortening	1 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 cup butter	1 cup rolled oats
1/2 cup brown sugar	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon baking soda	1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
2 tablespoons hot water	1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening and butter well, add sugar, then mix hot water and baking soda and add to first mixture. Add oats, flour and flavorings. Mix well. Mixture should be quite thick. Chill. Place small teaspoons of mixture about one inch apart on a well-greased baking sheet. Press down with fork or with bottom of a glass dipped in sugar and cinnamon. Bake for 5 to 6 minutes in a hot oven—400 deg. F.



CHINESE CHEWS

"A 'special' for showers and meetings."—Mrs. S. Rathwell, Navan, Ont.

2 eggs	1/2 cup chopped candied pine- apple
1 cup fruit sugar	1 teaspoon slivered candied ginger
3 tablespoons melted butter	1/2 cup pastry flour
1 cup chopped stoned dates	2-3 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup chopped nuts	1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup chopped candied cher- ries	

Beat eggs well, gradually stir in sugar, add melted butter. Combine dates, almonds, cherries, pineapple, ginger, and add to first mixture. Sift, then measure flour. Resift with baking powder and salt. Sift the dry ingredients into the first mixture and combine thoroughly. Turn into a well-greased 8-in. square pan and bake in a moderate oven at 350 deg. F., 30 to 40 minutes. Cut in squares when cold or cut in squares while warm and roll into balls and coat with fruit sugar.

BROWNIES

"My husband, especially, likes these."—Mrs. M. Pearce, St. James, Man.

1 1/2 ozs. unsweetened choc- olate	1/4 cup chopped walnuts
3 tablespoons butter or mar- garine	1 cup sifted pastry flour
1 cup white sugar	2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 cup milk	2 eggs, unbeaten
	1 teaspoon vanilla
	1/4 cup coconut (if desired)

Melt unsweetened chocolate and butter together and blend well. Measure into bowl sugar, milk, flour, baking powder and unbeaten eggs. Add melted chocolate mixture. Beat vigorously with dover beater till mixture is smooth and thick. Add vanilla and nuts. Pour into oiled pan about 8 in. by 12 in. by 2 in. and bake at 350 deg. F. for 30 to 35 minutes. Immediately upon removing from oven, cut in squares. Cool slightly and lift from pan. Frost with favorite chocolate frosting as a special treat. Yield 24 generous squares.



CORNFLAKE MACAROONS

"Quickly made and economical."—Mrs. Van Allen, Hawkesbury, Ont.

2 egg whites	2 cups cornflakes
1 cup brown or white sugar	1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 teaspoon vanilla	1 cup shredded coconut

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in sugar, add flavoring, cornflakes, nuts and coconut. Mix carefully. Drop by spoonfuls on well-greased sheet. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 15 to 20 minutes.

MEXICAN WEDDING CAKES

"Something different for a party."—Mrs. E. S. Barker, Battleford, Sask.

1 cup softened butter (or 1/2 shortening and 1/2 butter)	4 tablespoons powdered sugar
2 cups cake flour	1/2 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
1 cup all-purpose flour	1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring
	1 cup chopped nuts



Blend to make a stiff dough, but not dry. Roll between palms of hands into balls, size of a walnut—small—press lightly—bake 13 minutes in 400 deg. F. or until delicately brown. Remove from oven. Cool. Shake gently in bag with fine sugar (colored if desired), or press a whole walnut on top.

50 FAVORITES . . . MISCELLANEOUS

LENTIL AND TOMATO SOUP

"We like its distinctive flavor."—Mrs. F. C. Hales, St. James, Man.

1 pint of lentils	2 large onions
1 tin of tomatoes	1 oz. of grated nippy cheese
1 oz. butter	

Wash lentils and cook, starting in cold water (about 6 cups). Skim after bringing to boil. Simmer gently. Cook onions in butter, but do not let them brown. Add with tomatoes to lentils when soft. Salt and pepper to taste. Add grated cheese and reheat. Cooking time 3 hours.

FRENCH DRESSING

"Brings me many compliments."—Mrs. H. Monaghan, Burlington, Ont.

1 cup salad oil	½ teaspoon ginger
½ cup vinegar	½ teaspoon mustard
4 tablespoons catsup	1 teaspoon paprika
½ cup sugar	1 teaspoon salt and 1 onion

Put dry ingredients in qt. jar and mix thoroughly. Add all other ingredients. Remove onion after 12 hours. Shake well before using. Rub jar with garlic, if desired.

HERB MUSTARDS

"Add tangy flavor to many dishes."—Mrs. J. H. Knight, Robson, B.C.

8 tablespoons dry mustard	9 teaspoons sugar
8 tablespoons flour	Garlic vinegar (see recipe)
4 teaspoons salt	

Mix dry ingredients. Add enough garlic vinegar to make smooth paste. Divide in quarters. Put 1 tablespoon horse-radish in one quarter; 1 tablespoon finely chopped tarragon and parsley in another; 1 tablespoon sage in the third and 1 tablespoon thyme, marjoram or rosemary in fourth. Let stand 2 weeks before using. Tarragon is delicious with roast veal; sage with cheese sandwiches; ham with roast pork. Rosemary and thyme with beef; marjoram with eggs, chicken.

To make Garlic Vinegar: Cut 4 cloves of garlic in qt. jar of boiling vinegar. Let stand several days before using.

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REPORTER AND REDHEAD

Continued from page 19

in the newspaper game and if I was any good I could go as far as my talent would take me. But I don't think I'd care for a big paper job."

"Yeah," Sam said. "Yeah." He felt a great wave of love go through him. He tried to keep his voice down but it boomed nevertheless. He bent to her. He said, "Look, we're going to get married. You and me, Sally."

Sally sat up. She said, "What?"

Sam boomed, because that way was habit with him, "We're going to be married."

"Oh, are we?" Sally asked and her voice was suddenly husky and sort of angry. "You—you're telling me."

"Yes," Sam said. His big hands tightened on the wheel and his Adam's apple jumped several times. He wanted to turn to her and tell her what she meant to him. He wanted to get down on his knees and beg her to marry him. But he couldn't.

His bigness had always been a cross for Sam to bear. Before he went into

the army on leaving high school he'd discovered that people instinctively went on the defensive when he approached, but as soon as they discovered that he possessed the gentle heart and loving disposition of a black Newfoundland dog they took advantage.

By the time he was 18 Sam had found that for his own good he had to hide the fact that he loved his fellow man and that if the jerk only wouldn't always try and walk all over him Sam would have gladly let him.

Sam was 26 now and the act had become a part of him. He couldn't help being somewhat overwhelming. He'd come into the modernistic building of the Eagle, frozen the receptionist with one look and gone through the city room to the desk. Beans Fallon had been in the slot. He was a scrawny little guy with a big eyeshade and a cold eye.

Beans had looked up, "Hello, Marris. What's on your mind?"

"I'm going to work for the Eagle," Sam had said, his jaw jutting but his knees jelly. He'd put one big hand flat on the wood of the slot. "Look, Fallon, I know this city. I know most of the people who run it. I'm going to be a newspaperman and Fall City is where I

start. You giving me a job or do I go in and brace Mr. Comstock?"

Beans had said thinly, "I hire the reporters around here. I fire them, too. Okay, I'll give you a trial."

That had been last December. Sam had got into the swing from the very start. He liked newspaper work. He liked people, though he'd learned not to show that too plainly. His bigness and gruffness got him results almost everywhere.

It was the same around the courthouse and down in Adam's street where the "boys" who ran things hung out. Sam was too big for the brush. They usually told him what he wanted to know.

So things had gone fine for Sam and when Sally Julian had shown up in the city room and smiled at him, Sam's cup had been filled to overflowing. He'd started to dream and as the weeks went by and Sally had clearly seemed to like him, Sam's dreams had become real.

And now this.

Sam sat, his hands still clasping the wheel, his eyes on the moonpath in the water below. Beside him Sally said, "Take me home, Sam."

Sam said, "Look . . ." but Sally cut across his words. "Let's not talk about it, Sam. I'm not going to marry you."

Sam swallowed. Where his heart had been was a lump of ice.

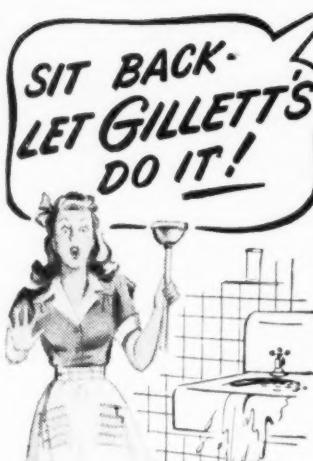
It had been a wonderful night, but suddenly it wasn't any more. Sally didn't say a word all the way back and at the Comstock house she got out before Sam could get around to open the door. She said, "Thank you for dinner and the movies Sam."

"Yeah, sure," Sam said. He didn't look at her. He wanted to. He wanted to take her hands and say, "Sally, look. For every guy in the world there's some girl. Just one. I've always known that. When I saw you I knew right away you were the one. There couldn't be anyone else, there never will. Sally, please love me . . ." But he couldn't say it.

Sally lingered but when Sam turned his head, his dark blue eyes hopeful, she said, "Good night," and turned away.

Sam didn't answer. He watched her go up the walk and then he sent the coupe roaring down the street.

Sam didn't go home. He couldn't. He went down to Clark Street and made the rounds. He picked up a few bits of information for his



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Divide dough in two. Press into shape on lightly floured board. Roll to circle $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Invert 9" pan on dough; cut to $\frac{1}{4}$ " beyond edge of pan; fold dough in half; lay fold in centre of pan; unfold. Trim, leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ " pastry beyond pan. Fold under. Let rest 5-10 min. Flute edge. Prick surface with fork. Bake 12-15 minutes in 450° oven.

Roll remaining dough same way. Cut 5 cherry clusters. Bake on sheet 8 min. Fill pie shell with cherry filling; top with clusters.

FILLING: Drain two 20 fluid oz. cans unsweetened cherries; reserve liquid. Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 tbsp. cornstarch in saucepan. Slowly stir in liquid until blended. Cook to boiling, stirring constantly. Simmer 10 minutes. Stir often. Cool. Stir in cherries.

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"Round Town" column, but he'd have preferred a fight. No one made any remark that Sam could have taken objection to. He got into his car again and drove out the highway. He stopped at the Corners Garage to have the coupe's tank filled.

The night man, Eddie Givens, said, "Hello, Sam."

Sam only grunted. He sat behind the wheel, his chin on his breast. He was still numb inside. He could still hear Sally's voice as she had said, "Take me home. I'm not going to marry you."

Eddie squirted cleaner on the windshield, plied his cloth. He said, "A honey, sure enough."

Sam glowered. "Who?"

Eddie said patiently, "I told you. You just missed her. Whatta mouse an' whatta car. One of them foreign makes. A Minotaur. Coke for her an' gas for the car. Asked me which turn was for Tower Hill. Said she'd forgot."

The reporter in Sam stirred. "What was she like?"

Eddie sighed. "I told you, Sam. A honey. Red hair, a dreamboat puss an' a chassis, so far's I could see, smooth as the cat."

"Yeah," Sam said thoughtfully. "Yeah."

It took his mind a little from Sally. He drove downtown to the Eagle and went in. Only Sid Broker was on the desk. Sam nodded and went into the morgue and got the folders on Gloria Hallaway.

His heart was still heavy when he got to the Eagle the next morning but it lifted as he came into the city room and saw Sally at her desk, crisp and lovely in a black dress with collar and cuffs of white. She turned her head as Sam came through the wicket. A faint stain of color came into her cheeks and Sam's throat got tight. Looking at her he couldn't believe there had been any night before.

Her face lifted. There were shadows under her eyes. She said huskily, "Hello, Sam."

There was a moment's utter silence as they looked at each other. Sam wanted to get down on his knees, right in the middle of the city room, and say, "Oh Sally, I love you so." But he only stood there, big and menacing, while Sally looked at him, her red lips parted. Sam swallowed. He said, generously, "I hear Mrs. Roger Hallaway is in town."

Sally's lashes flickered. She looked down and after a moment she said, "Gloria Devine Hallaway? I'm sure I'd have heard of it. Her cousins, the Crabbes, are still away. She can't be out on Tower Hill."

The sound of her voice shook Sam. It made his voice even deeper. "That's the way I heard it. Follow it up."

Sally reached for the phone and dialed. She looked at Sam. He said, "There was an item in the gossip sheet two days ago. All is not well with the Roger Hallaways."

Sally spoke into the phone. "Turner? This is Sally Julian at the Eagle. Is Mrs. Hallaway in Fall City?"

She listened. She said, "Thank you, Turner." She set down the phone. She said slowly, "She isn't there."

Sam rumbled, "Because a flunkie says she isn't? You've got a lot to learn, Sally."

Her eyes met his. They were wide

and dark. Her voice was low, "You're right, Sam. I have."

Sam said, "Look—" He stopped as Dave Sedley, the dapper music and cinema editor, came up. Sam growled, "Scram." Sedley looked uncertainly at Sally. She said, her chin lifting, "I'd love to go to the concert tonight, Dave. Pick me up at eight?"

Sam swung away, his heart going deep into his size twelves. He told himself, hollowly, that it wasn't any good. It was dumb to be in love with a girl who obviously couldn't see you at all.

He went over to his desk and sat down. He scowled at his big hands and his typewriter. He lighted a cigarette and got up. As he started down the city room he tried not to look at Sally and failed. Her eyes met his. There was something in her face that made Sam's feet falter. She seemed to be waiting, but when Sam rumbled, "I think the Hallaway woman is . . ." Sally looked down at her machine, her lips tightening. Sam went on up the room and a copy boy blanched, got out of his way.

It was a lovely day outside. The sort of day that made you think of lush fields and orchards laden with fruit. Of hazy golden air and a golden girl beside you. Sam swore sadly and got into his car.

He drove north out into the hills. He went past the neat suburban district and finally came to the bigger estates.

The Crabbe place was surrounded by a red brick wall with Virginia creeper covering it decoratively. There were wide wrought-iron gates of Spanish origin between tall granite pillars. The gates were open and Sam drove in. The lawns were green and the elms were of noble proportions. The house at the end of the long drive was of red brick with a green roof.

Sam let the coupe under the porte and went up the white stone steps. He rang the bell. A segment of the glass doors opened and a manservant in a black jacket and striped trousers looked at Sam with some surprise. Sam said, "Mrs. Hallaway."

The butler's features froze perceptibly. "This is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crabbe, sir. They are away."

With all the turmoil and heartache in him Sam wasn't up to that sort of thing. He put out one hand and drew the man to him. "I'm in no mood for diplomatic fencing," Sam boomed, his thick brows a mere couple of inches from the man's nose. "Mrs. Hallaway."

"But—but I've my orders, sir."

Sam released his grasp. "They're cancelled as of now. Where is she?"

"By the pool, sir. I—who shall I say?"

"The name," Sam said, "is Marris. Of the Eagle. You can call the police later. Tell them it's Sam Marris."

The man stepped back, his jaw lax, and Sam walked inside. He went down the hall, past glassed doors into a sort of patio with tessellated walks and lots of greenery. A hundred feet away a slate-edged pool gleamed greenly in the soft sunlight. Under a green and white umbrella a girl of about twenty-one or two, Sally's age, lay on a chaise.

She was, Sam saw as he approached, quite a girl. She wore pale green shorts and a green bra. Her hair was red and her skin was tanned a lovely shade of cocoa right to her red-tipped toes.

Sam looked down at her and all he could think, sadly, was that this was

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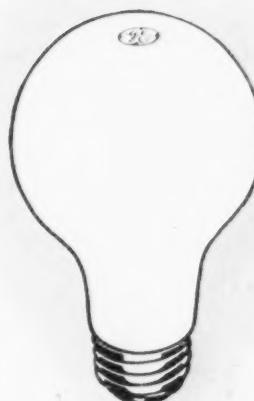
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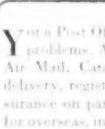
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certainly one swell-looking dish, but that no matter how swell she looked Sally Julian had her beaten by a country mile.

He said, "Hey!"

She sat up. She swung long shapely legs to the paving. "Who . . . ?"

"Take it easy," Sam said. He pulled a rope-upholstered chair into position and lowered his big frame into its depths. "I'm Sam Marris of the Eagle."

"A reporter?"

Sam snorted. "As if you never had a press agent to see you got in the papers."

Gloria Hallaway said quickly, "I haven't had a personal representative since I made my debut."

Sam cut her short. "I know." He leaned back. "Take your time. I'm in no hurry and it's pleasant here."

She was considering him with half-parted lips. "What did you say your name was?"

"Sam Marris."

"The football player?"

"I played a bit," Sam admitted.

He saw her quick smile. "I wondered why you looked familiar."

"Let's forget me," Sam said. "What's the story?"

She gestured. "I—oh, there isn't any story. I came out here so that I could think and be away from people."

"Why?"

"Because I'm unhappy."

"Ah," Sam said and sighed gustily.

Her voice was wistful. "Are you happy, Mr. Marris?"

"You can call me Sam," Sam said. "And I'd be less unhappy with something to drink. Beer, for instance."

She brightened. "Wouldn't you rather have a cocktail?"

"Beer," Sam said and Gloria leaned to reach under the table and press a button.

The beer was good and it was cold. The shaker of cocktails was pretty in an amber way. Gloria smiled at Sam. "You know, I'm glad you came. At first I was furious but you've a way about you. So—so certain. I like that. And I was lonely." She blinked. "Would you like a swim? Then we could have lunch."

"That," Sam said, "is an idea. Tell Turner to rout out the biggest sugar sack in the house."

This, Sam thought 10 minutes later, was the proper life. He swam lazily the length of the pool, waited for Gloria's green-capped head to appear and then calmly pushed her under. He swam to the side of the pool and finished the glass of beer he'd thoughtfully placed there.

They sunned themselves while waiting for Turner to wheel out the lunch table. Gloria lay in her chaise, the sun bright on her bright hair and looked at Sam with those slanting green eyes. She said, "I'm glad you came. Tell me about yourself, Sam."

Sam told her. About the quarter section his parents farmed and the other six brothers and sisters. About the newspaper game and how much he liked it. He told her everything she wanted to know, but he didn't mention Sally.

After Turner brought the table they ate lobster and Gloria told him all about herself. And about her husband. "We've known one another all our lives. I guess we sort of grew up into the idea of marriage. Rog was away during the war and then he was in England and when I

saw him over there we had the grandest times. But when we got married last year it—oh, golly, Sam, it didn't turn out. It just didn't."

She bit her lip. "We were so much in love. But maybe it wasn't love."

"Love," Sam said and shook his head.

"It isn't much fun, is it?" Gloria asked, and Sam said, "It tears you."

They ate their dessert in silence. Gloria said at last, "I guess though I'll get married again after Roger and I are divorced."

"You're going to?" Sam asked and Gloria lifted her cocoa shoulders. "What else can I do, Sam? It's all over."

They swam again after lunch. They listened to rumba and samba records and Sam looked at Gloria and thought, "Why don't I wake up? Here's a girl with everything. Money, looks and what's more, she likes me. Why should I tear my heart out over Sally?"

Gloria crinkled her nose at him and Sam stooped and kissed her. She said, "Next time I'm going to marry a man like you. You know how to handle me."

"Sure," Sam said. He thought, "Sure, I can handle any woman but the one I'm nuts about."

Gloria said, "You don't have to leave, do you? We could go out to dinner."

Sam thought of Sally going to the concert with Dave Sedley. He said, "We're going to a softball game."

Gloria looked at him. "Softball?"

Sam nodded and Gloria said, "All right, if you say so, Sam."

They had dinner at Riley's on the lakeshore and only a couple of times did Sam think how much nicer it would be if it were Sally opposite him.

The softball double-header was fun. Afterward Gloria snuggled against Sam in the car. When he suggested that they go to the Roundtop for a sandwich, Gloria said, "Whatever you say, Sam."

The Roundtop was a soda fountain up front and booths in the big paneled room at the back and it was full. Full of people who looked at Gloria with round eyes. They got a booth and had turkey sandwiches with Russian dressing and Sam had a bottle of beer. Gloria took a sip from his glass just at the moment when Sam became aware of Sally and Dave Sedley.

They were sitting across the room and for a moment Sam's heart got stuck in his throat. Sally was looking at him and Sam's leg muscles tightened as if to push him to his feet. Then he remembered. He remembered everything.

There was no one at the table where Sally and Sedley had been when Sam said, "Let's go," but as they approached the cashier's desk Sam saw Dave Sedley paying his check. Sally was standing near the door waiting.

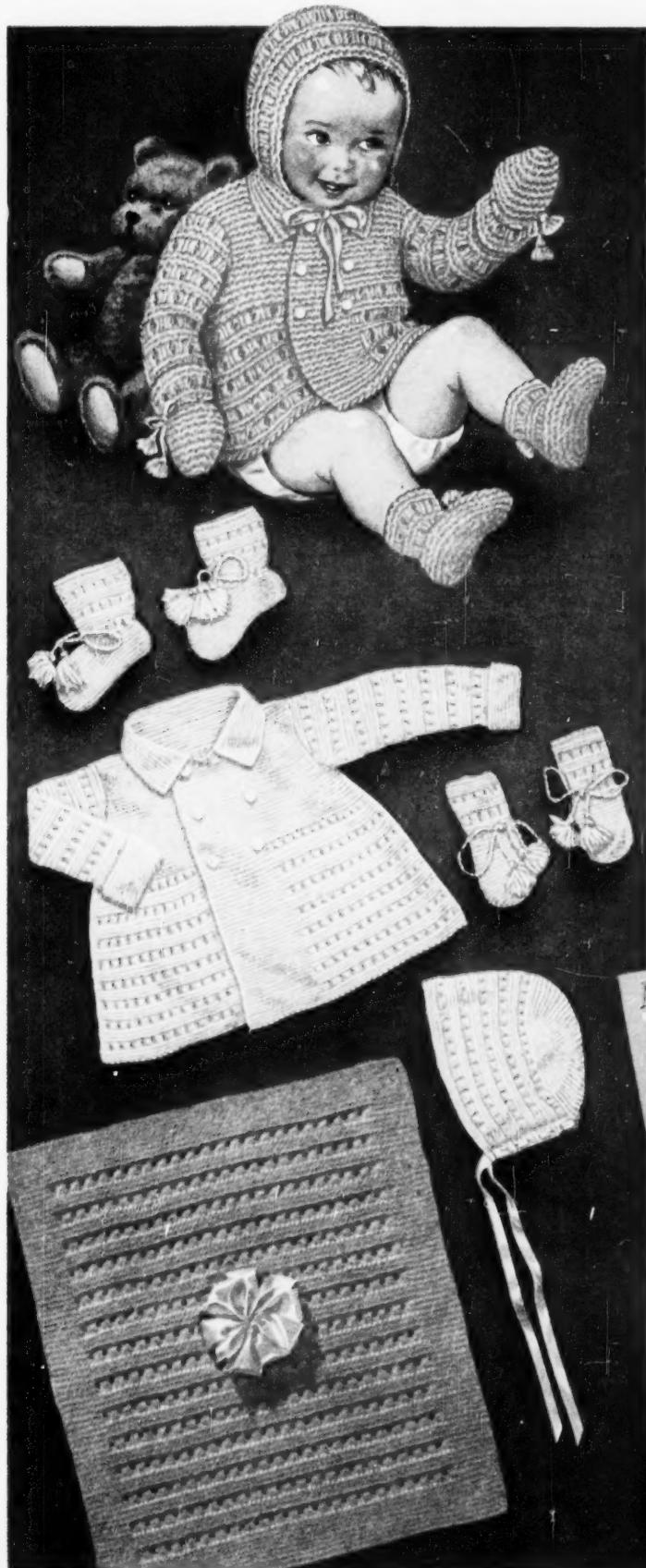
She came the few steps to them. She didn't look at Gloria. She said, "I was wrong then, wasn't I?"

The sound of her voice shook Sam. Sally said, her violet eyes dark, "I guess I won't make a newspaperwoman."

Sam said quickly, "Look . . ." but behind him Sedley said, "Hello, Sam," and Sally murmured, "Good night."

Gloria laughed. "Quaint," she said. Sam sighed and paid his check. He drove the Minotaur to Tower Hill. When they got to the Crabbe house Turner opened the door. He spoke in a low voice and Gloria said, "No. Absolutely not, Turner."

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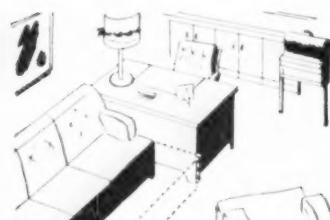
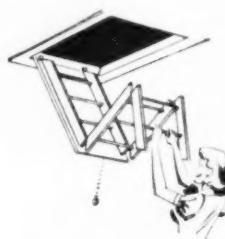
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Sam asked dully, "What gives?" "Nothing," Gloria said. "Nothing, Sam."

They went out to the terrace. The moon was orange in the misty sky. Gloria sank down in the chaise and held out her hand to draw Sam to her. Her voice said, "Oh Sam, there's no past, is there? There's only the future."

"Right," Sam said. "Right."

She was right but it didn't help somehow. The thought of the future saddened him and the present wasn't much better. He couldn't even rise to Gloria beside him, her face an ivory blur. The portable was giving out with soft music and Gloria was relaxed and fragrant beside him.

She said, "Sam, we're in tune, you and I."

"Sure," Sam said wistfully. "Sure."

It was well past midnight when Sam caught himself nodding. He said, "Hey, Bedtime," and pushed Gloria off his shoulder. He got up and Gloria said, "All right, Sam. I'll see you tomorrow at the Eagle. It's going to be grand, isn't it, Sam?"

"You bet," Sam said hazily. "How can it miss?"

He kissed her and she clung to him, but somehow it just wasn't any good.

Gloria let him out. Sam went down the steps and around to his coupe. He drove down the winding road to the gates. They were closed and Sam had to get out and open them, drive the coupe outside and get out and close the gates.

It was when he turned back to the coupe the second time that he saw the man sitting on the curb, looking at him.

The moonlight showed him quite distinctly. A young man about Sam's age.

Sam walked the few steps and looked down. "What gives?"

The young man said, "Nothing."

A sudden certainty struck Sam. He said, "Soon's the patrol car gets around again you'll be picked up. You're Hallaway."

Roger Hallaway said dismally, "I am."

"She won't see you?"

"If you mean my wife, she won't."

Sam said, "Yeah." He sat down beside Roger and fished out his cigarettes. As they puffed Roger said, a little more life in his voice, "I've been looking for her for three days. I got here at 10 and the butler told me she was out. I went for something to eat. When I got back here the taxman said he couldn't wait. The butler told me Gloria wouldn't see me. But she's going to see me if I have to camp here 'till Christmas."

Sam said, "In about 10 minutes McAfee and the prowler will cut your wait very short."

Roger looked at Sam. "The butler told me Gloria was out with a newspaper reporter. Harris was that it?"

"Marris."

"Midwest Marris?" Roger stuck out his hand. "I liked what little I saw of you on the football field. We saw you play, Gloria and I." His voice broke. He beat his knee with a clenched fist. "I—oh damn, I love her so and I don't know what I ever did to—turn her against me."

He drew furiously on his cigarette. Sam stared at the shrubbery on the opposite side of the road. He knew what the guy beside him was going through.

He said, "I do."

"What? I did everything she wanted; deferred to her every wish."

"Yeah," Sam said. "That's the trouble."

He turned his head. "Look, Hallaway, that's a pretty regular girl in there. If she divorces you there'll be others to follow."

Sam went right on. "She won't find happiness that way. The trouble is that you're so nuts about Gloria you never opened your eyes and considered her objectively. Considered the sort of girl she is."

Roger was looking at him with wide eyes and Sam said, "I know how it is. When you're crazy about a girl you want to let her walk all over you, but that's the worst thing you can do. You've got to be firm. You've got to be the boss and lay down the law. Gloria's that sort of girl. She can't respect you if you're party in her hands."

"You think so?"

"I darn well know so," Sam said. It was ironic. He knew all about Gloria; just how to handle her, but he couldn't do a thing about the girl he loved. He said, "Firm. Even if your heart's like water when you look at her. Be firm, Gong her if you have to."

"You mean—hit her?"

"Like Noel Coward said," Sam told him sadly, "Gong her."

Roger dropped his cigarette between his feet and stared at it. He lifted his head. "Maybe you're right. Before we were married . . ."

Sam got up. "She's set for the night. Come into town with me and we'll figure something. I can get you a room at the Inn. In the morning you come over to the paper."

Roger rose as well. He put out his hand again. "It's darned decent of you, Marris. I hope we find something that will work."

"We'll think of it," Sam said. "Let's go. I hear a car coming."

When Sam got to the Eagle the next morning the typewriters were clacking and Beans was bafled in the slot. Sam looked up the city room and saw Sally at her desk. She wore a yellow dress and there was a ribbon in her hair. Sam's heart dissolved and pain went through him but she showed no sign of that as he went to her.

Sally's hands stilled on the keys. Sam said, "Gloria Hallaway is coming in this morning. I expect her husband as well." He met her violet gaze. "It's your story. You write it."

Sally's lips trembled. "Oh no. It's very kind of you, but . . ."

Sam frowned, his brows formidable. "Your story," he growled.

Sally said, "Oh Sam, why—why—"

Sam turned away. He went over to his desk. He felt a little better. Maybe Sally couldn't ever see him, but she had the makings of a good newspaperwoman. It was only right to give her another chance at the story.

Sam felt for a cigarette. He heard the whistles and looked up the room. Everyone else was, too. Monk Golden stuck his head from the camera shop and reached backward for his box.

It was Gloria. She came down the city room, smiling, her eyes on Sam. She wore an orange suit trimmed with a band of fur. It made her hair blaze. There were diamond and emerald bracelets on her wrist that cuddled the snakeskin bag. A bag that matched the pumps on her slim, nylon-emphasized legs.

She came right to Sam. "I'm not late, am I, Sam dear?"

"N-no," Sam said. He tried to collect his thoughts; to remember everything that had happened last night. Behind him Beans Fallon said, "Ahem . . ."

Sam grunted, "Mrs. Hallaway, this is Beans Fallon, the city editor."

Beans said, "Honored. How about a few pictures, Mrs. Hallaway? Hey, Monk."

Sam turned and beckoned to Sally. She came toward them, small and lovely, her red lips set.

Monk Golden said, "Smile, Mrs. Hallaway."

Sally said, crisp and professional, "Everything is all right between you and Mr. Hallaway, isn't it, Mrs. Hallaway?"

Gloria was smiling into Monk's camera. She said, "Oh dear, no. Hasn't Sam announced it? When I'm free Sam and I are going to be married."

Sam gulped. He started to say, "Hey, I don't remember anything about that . . ." but before he could speak Roger Hallaway's voice said, "Why you dirty double-crosser!"

Sam saw two bright flashes. One came from the fist that hit him in the left eye. The other came from the flash of Monk Golden's camera as Sam, off balance, sat down abruptly.

For a moment Sam was so surprised and shocked that all he could think was, "Hey, that isn't in the script. It was Gloria we said you'd turn on and then gong my chin when I interfered."

He just sat, blinking. Above and beside him there was a flash of yellow. Sally cried, "How dare you!"

Sam reached out and caught the yellow skirt. Sally stopped, and Sam got to his feet. He looked at Roger, but Roger was glaring down at Gloria and she was looking right back at him, wide-eyed, incredulous.

Roger said, an inch from Gloria's face, "So you're going to divorce me, hey? Well, there are a couple of things you and I are going to discuss first. In private. Now are you coming with me or do I have to drag you by the hair?"

There was a pregnant silence and then, without a look at Sam, Gloria started up the city room. She turned her head to Roger but he gave her a shove and she went on meekly.

Sam brushed the dust from his pants. He looked around the hushed city room and there wasn't even a faint grin on any face. Beside him Sally said, "Sam . . ."

Sam turned on her. "Get at it. It's your story. Write it."

Her cheeks were pale. "But . . ."

"Write it," Sam boomed and when Beans said, "Better get that eye seen to, Sam," Sam only gestured and followed Sally to her desk.

He stood over her while she hesitated, beat out a line, v'd it and started over. She was on the fourth take and Sam had just handed over the third to the waiting copy boy when Beans yelled, "Call for you, Sam. Take it on Sally's."

Sam lifted the phone, growled. Roger Hallaway said, "Sam? Look, I'm sorry I hit you so hard, but I was so startled I saw red. I should have known you wouldn't doublecross me . . ."

"Forget it," Sam said. "Everything all right?"

"And how. I brought her over here to the Inn and gave it to her plenty. It's a good thing I was mad or I couldn't

Continued on page 60



*T.M. Reg.

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JEAN KENT

A Woman In Question And Several Questions About Women.



Story styling is to films what fashions are in other fields. They change. The leaders introduce the new trends.

★ ★ ★

WOMAN IN QUESTION, with a new thriller technique, is now under study by the motion picture specialists. Five witnesses describe a murdered woman as they knew her. They are describing five different women—all of them played by Jean Kent, Scotland's leading actress. Duncan Macrae, new to films, is the detective as was another famous Scot, Alastair Sim, in another famous thriller, **GREEN FOR DANGER**.

★ ★ ★

Strictly in the field of escapist amusement, Jean Kent is also the reluctant widow of **RELUCTANT WIDOW**, dated in the days of Waterloo and indicating once again, that some pages from history are much too gaudy and swashbuckling for the schoolbooks.

★ ★ ★

The thriller, however, which is creating extra advance interest in an excellent approaching season for such fare, is **CLOUDED YELLOW**. This has Jean Simmons as well as Trevor Howard. Part-mystery, part-action, part-adventure, it is the latest work of expert Eric Ambler.

★ ★ ★

Why titles change! A screening room jury of Canadians watched an outdoor action story of Australia with aborigines and kangaroos and sheep. It was called **BITTER SPRINGS**. They liked the film. They did not like the title. It is now called **SAVAGE JUSTICE**. This title, they like

★ ★ ★

On the comedy front, the CHILTERN HUNDREDS' collaborators including Cecil Parker are back together again. Their combined efforts entitled **TONY DRAWS A HORSE**, make as much of a shambles of the first stage of matrimony as their earlier one did of politics.

To be sure you see these fine films, ask for playdates at your local theatre.



WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ME

Continued from page 7

father, five sons and two daughters—one of those families that have loads more fun at home than outside. With highly diversified interests, we knew no idle moments. Father had an exceptionally sweet voice, and was a talented pianist. He led the church choir, and mother sang in it. There was always a choir practice going on in our front parlor! Christmas Eve I was allowed to sleep on the giant feather tick in the spare room, and I fell asleep to the sound of the choir, practicing carols for next day's service in the parlor below.

Father was captain of the Queen's Own, and the men gathered at our house for drill. I remember the flash of their red coats as they went pounding up to the third floor for their meeting—and the good times afterward, when they came down and ate the supper mother had waiting. We youngsters had the happiest of childhoods.

Father operated a country store in Beeton, Ontario, with a whole raft of clerks, from dressmaker to miller. Customers came from 20 miles round to shop and neither we nor they would have considered their turning back without staying for dinner. Cook for a crowd? I learned that early! With nine of us Scotts, the store clerks and visiting customers, we rarely had fewer than 25 to dinner.

Work Means Fun

So I try to explain that work is part of me, its discipline acquired early. And work, to me, has always meant fun. I get a kick out of everything. How could anyone get tired—or bored—when every day offers so much stimulation? I never catnap—don't need it—and I go to bed late and get up at six. If I'm all stirred up when I get home from the office, I relax by playing a classical record, then read myself to sleep with a gory mystery. Read those things in the tub, too. Even when I relax, I keep busy.

Gardening is one hobby that interests me but frankly, I have little time for it, or for any other pastime. Like as not, as I plant bulbs in our garden, I'm trying to think of a fresh angle for an article on bulb planting. There is no dividing line between work and home.

In spite of what my critics have to say, I'm not an ambitious woman. I've no desire to be a world beater . . . never have. I've worked so hard, at so many jobs because, simply, we needed money. We've never been well-to-do. Two years after my husband and I were married we bought Sunnybank Farm. While Henry supervised the mill I organized a home canning factory. In one year we sold 120,000 jars of produce. My White Wyandottes won two world records for high production. But in spite of our tireless work, we lost everything in the depression, went thousands of dollars in debt. I had to help pay the debt off. That was the start. As the debt diminished, new bills came along . . . the girls' university fees, their books and clothes. Whenever I didn't know how they would be paid, another job would always turn up providentially, and I'd earn enough to keep ahead.

My work continued to grow, and I kept growing with it, until today I work

from my office in Toronto Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, then fly to my office in Montreal for Thursday, Friday and Saturday. One job has always led to the next. My early talks to farm women for the Ontario Dept. of Agriculture led to directing women's activities at the C.N.E. My cooking demonstrations, daily broadcasts and speeches fit in with the homemaking pages and features I write for the Montreal Standard. In a sense, all my jobs are one job.

Last week I traded in my '48 coupe on a brand-new model. I have the home in Islington, Ontario, that I always dreamed of owning. But there's little time for bookkeeping. Dashing to keep appointments, I sometimes discover I haven't a cent in my purse.

I suppose it shows a mind with no class, but I read anything and everything. I can get as interested in the Spring Catalogue as in War and Peace. I skim 30 magazines a month, keep up with the leading newspapers and best sellers. But still, as each new door opens in my life, as I add job to job, I feel my lack of knowledge most keenly. I should know more! It is a very humbling experience, to be conscious of the limits of my own knowledge. I long for a better understanding of unemployment problems, of immigration, of modern economics. That's what I feel is a fault of modern education: our children specialize so much that they completely miss the broad over-all picture of the world and its peoples we all need to have today.

The first big picture window that opened to me onto the world was a book—John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People," read when I was 14. I still cherish it, still carry it with me every trip I make. I don't know how many times I have re-read it now. I can quote whole pages from it. It was the book I carried under my arm on my first trip to Italy—the book Mussolini asked to see. I find the prose beautiful, the whole spirit of the book almost other-worldly.

Blotterlike Mind

I don't claim a retentive mind so far as detail is concerned, but I have the ability to recreate every place I have ever been, right down to colors and sounds. I can still see the little country schoolhouse in Saskatchewan where, as a 16-year-old schoolmarm, I taught the lessons—the bare boards, the wheat fields, our riding horses tied to the split rail fence, the girls' homemade middies and those boys—some of them bigger than I was. All of it over 40 years ago.

I make use of that blotterlike quality of my mind when I travel. That is why I always travel alone, for I feel that a companion would influence my own reactions too much. I like to sink into a strange city or a new land, withdraw quietly from myself and absorb the atmosphere. Then the people around me become the actors. There's no entourage to make them unnatural. Everywhere I go . . . England, France, Italy . . . I visit old friends. We do not seem conscious of any sense of long separation; we simply pick up the ties, go on as though we hadn't been apart. I have no favorite place, but love wherever I happen to be at the moment. Travel gives me a terrific lift; I thrive on it.

But after a long hop it's a good feeling

to know the plane is winging home. We are a united, happy family. I know the stories that go round . . . that my husband and I are divorced, or separated . . . that we don't get on. These stories hurt a lot in the past, but no longer bother us. They are not true. We've always been the sort of people who enjoyed home and family. At present my husband, an accountant, is in Kapuskasing. Anne is married, living in Blenheim. Mary, her husband Bob and their two babies live with me now. Sundays we all get together by phone. First one talks, then the other cuts in, and so we catch up on family doings. Last Sunday the christening of Mary's baby son on her birthday was our big topic of conversation.

Deeply Religious

Sunday, I sleep in till nine, then we at home sit around over a leisurely breakfast and talk till it's time to leave for church.

I am deeply religious. I was brought up on the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism, and you never lose that. As a girl I played and taught in the Sunday School, helped serve at church suppers. Every Sabbath morning we children wakened to listen to father, singing and playing the psalms we loved. My most prized possessions are a pair of pewter communion cups that my parents presented to the church at Beeton many years ago, when it was first built. When the church went modern and hygienic and put in individual glasses, the communion cups were tossed into the discard, under the cellar steps in the basement. Twenty years later I found them there and brought them home.

If there is any philosophy I have tried to get across to people, it is that life is good—very good—and it is only you that lets you down. Everything that happens, whether joy or sorrow, enriches your life and your being.

As children, Mary and Anne were used to my dashing in and out at all hours. They listened to my early radio shows, helped me keep track of speaking

Continued on page 64

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Helpful Hints on Home Heating

The heating system is a long-term, often a life-time, investment. Its efficient operation is fundamental to living comfort. Therefore, it pays to give some extra thought—perhaps spend some extra money—in the beginning. Changes after installation are liable to be difficult and expensive. You'll want, for example, to be sure the system has the right capacity to give the maximum comfort in the worst winter conditions encountered in your section of the country. It's much better to have capacity too large rather than too small. If too small, the system will have to be continually forced, with resulting possibilities of trouble. These are points to check with your heating contractor. A booklet you'll find helpful at the planning stage is ADM-4607—*How to select the right heating system for the home*.

LOCATION—Another point to consider is the boiler location. Its position can make or mar a basement. First—plan to locate it near the chimney. That will improve draft, reduce overhead piping. Next—consider whether the boiler should be placed at right angles to the chimney wall or parallel to it. Your main objectives are: 1, to keep the piping on the wall side of the boiler, out of sight; 2, to get an efficient basement layout and save space.

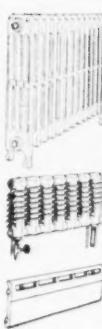
SELECTION—The illustration in the adjoining advertisement shows how the famous 4700 Oil-Burning Boiler, in its handsome green jacket, sets off a neat, good-looking basement. You can learn all about it in the folder ADM-8005—*New Warden King Oil Burner No. 4700 Series*. The Crane line offers a complete selection of dependable boilers for every purpose and every purse—adaptable to all methods of firing and all types of fuel—in a variety of sizes, right down to the amazing little Viking "Junior".

Only 42 inches high, the "Junior" has been especially developed to bring the advantages of hot water heating to the small size home, flat or bungalow. It is described in the folder ADM-9002.

SAFETY—There are three safety factors in the modern hot water system. First is the expansion tank (usually mounted horizontally above the boiler). In it, air provides a cushion for the expansion of the hot water. Check it occasionally to see it has the proper air content. Next is the Relief Valve, and then as a final safeguard, the Safety Valve. Operate the hand lever on each of these valves two or three times a year to make sure they are in good working order.

WATER—When considering a hot water heating system it's well to think at the same time of the appropriate means of providing an adequate supply of domestic hot water. There are many types of heaters—coal, gas, oil, electric—all of which can be seen at any Crane Branch. Outstanding is the new "BILTM" tankless instantaneous coil, a feature of the 4700 Boiler. You throw the switch and forget it. You're sure of an uninterrupted supply of hot water—without a storage tank!

RADIATORS—Cast iron is the traditional radiator material. It's still the best. Exhaustive studies and tests on the heating properties of different materials have confirmed its advantages. It provides unequalled transmission of heat to air; has exceptional resistance to corrosion and wear; is rugged and rigid to take hard knocks. A very practical feature of Crane Cast Iron Radiators is their large waterways. These assure well-bal-



anced and efficient operation of an entire heating system—regardless of temperature conditions—which is just as good on gravity as on forced feed. All Crane Radiators are made of cast iron—whether they be the popular free-standing (or "on leg") types; concealed radiators for panel or cabinet installation, or the latest "Radiant Baseboard Heating" systems. Complete information on these different types is provided in: ADM-9003—*Cast Iron Radiation*; ADM-9009—*Radiant Baseboard Heating*; ADM-5009—*Key Facts on Warden King Concealed Radiation*.

AU REVOIRS—Here's a cold weather suggestion that's well worth establishing as a custom: complete all goodbyes

indoors! That will appeal to every housewife—and to the man who pays the fuel bills. A door open for only one minute while goodbyes are said on porch or steps can lower the house temperature several degrees, requiring pounds of fuel to recover.

POINTERS—One of Crane's most popular booklets is ADM-4605—*Plumbing and Heating Pointers*—which has had to be reprinted year after year. It's full of helpful suggestions on how to get the greatest satisfaction from your plumbing and heating. To obtain a copy of this or of any other publications mentioned above, ask your plumbing and heating contractor or write to Crane, 1170 Beaver Hall Sq., Montreal.

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extra room in the basement. It also provides abundant domestic hot water with its "BILTM" tankless instantaneous coil. The Crane line has everything you need in latest radiation, too—including the new "Radiant Baseboard Panels"—and all the piping valves and fittings required to complete a modern installation. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor about the Crane system best suited to your needs.

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Beryl Grey, Black Queen of the exciting "Checkmate" ballet, wears filmy black chiffon over taffeta. Palest pink roses trim the bodice. By Peter Russell.

Below: Black and grey bird's-eye suiting enhances Moira Shearer's gold and white prettiness. Trim is black velvet. By Digby Morton.



BY
MILDRED
SPICER,
Fashion Editor

D
E S I G N E D F O R

With Sadler's Wells ballerinas the show is on stage . . . not off. After the last performance is over you might catch a glimpse of them on their way out to supper or to a party in their honor. You wouldn't see mink over slacks and sun glasses à la Hollywood. They are as pert and pretty as the girl next door. There is none of the affectation one might associate with theatrical personalities. In these off-stage moments they are ambassadors of British fashion, wearing their British-designed clothes with style and dignity.

The company's personal wardrobes, shared among 73 dancers, men and women, run to something like 3,000 articles and have been presented to them by the leaders of the British fashion world. They have been on tour in North America since September, traveling on a special train to allow them to take their scenery and personal wardrobes with them. Their clothes are packed and repacked, worn and re-worn. They must be right for public appearances as well as wearable and durable for a life on the move. The only criterion of the kind of



Two ballerinas take time out for sightseeing. Pamela May, left, wears a grey corduroy street dress from Horrockses Fashions Ltd. Lorna Mossford an Asta Model coat of checked tweed.
Photos courtesy the Ambassador.

Right: The Ballet's brightest star, Margot Fonteyn, wears the geranium-red evening dress designed for her by Michael Sherard.

SADLER'S WELLS

clothes they wear is that of elegance. And yet they are far from overly bejewelled and bejeweled. Their evening clothes are embroidered black velvet, chiffon or silver striped white nylon. Their cocktail dresses are slim, sleek and quietly sophisticated. They are without fads and fur-below in their day clothes. These include functional, good-looking outfits such as grey corduroy, black linen and jersey, cashmere twin sets and impeccably tailored suits. Check tweeds are the first choice among the ballerinas for coats. Their hats are small and simple. Moira Shearer, with her bright, pretty coloring (Remember her in "Red Shoes?") wears a new color . . . dreamed up just for her. It's Burnt Heather, a rust and purple mix for a twin set in cashmere and coat to match. Prima ballerina Margot Fonteyn wears a vivid red lace gown for gala occasions to accent her dark hair and flashing eyes. Clearly, these ballerinas from Britain wear English fashions with an elegant air, to suit themselves, their personality and the occasion.



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NEVER TELL
Continued from page 8

will remember the foolish things she has said to you. She will avoid you because you know too much about her—what she thinks and feels and does. There it is, a spectre created by her own lips."

Janet laughed. Sometimes her mother sounded like a radio character, she thought. "But Amy never told me anything *real*," she protested. "Only silly things that some boy said to her. Nothing important. I've forgotten half of it."

"Half?" Mrs. Acton said. "But which half? Something remains. And she knows that your mind can fill the blank spaces. The mind is a curious thing. It builds or eats away. An evil mind can go to any lengths . . ."

But Janet's mind had no evil. It was a clear page where nothing was registered. Sometimes she would have liked to talk about herself, to recount small triumphs and frustrations that are so world-shaking when you are young but she always saw the image of her mother with a finger on her lips. It would be wrong to talk about herself. She might be misunderstood. No one would see it in quite the way she did.

Janet Acton was just out of high school when something happened that changed her whole life.

She was a vital young creature, overexcited by the thrills of graduation week, rushing off here and there and forgetting doors that should have been locked when not in use. For the first time Mrs. Acton's warnings followed her unheard; it really seemed that Janet was about to shake off the yoke that had always been about her neck. There was even a moment when she wished her mother would change and be more like other mothers. She had learned a new word in the last term, *Phobia*. "You've got a phobia about doors," she said gaily. But why? Certainly Mrs. Acton had committed no sin. She was as upright as a woman could be. Janet was sorry when she saw the effect of her smart words.

But still she threw caution to the wind. She refused the ritual of the closets and would not look under her bed or behind her at suspicious footsteps. Suddenly she felt grown-up and able to decide for herself. "There's nothing to be afraid of," she told herself. "I've lived here all my life and nothing has happened."

But it did happen. Janet had been driving the car for several months—an old car but once a very good one, and she was inordinately proud and a little inclined to show off. She was out past her usual time and came whizzing into the driveway, noticing the lights that warned of her mother waiting in the usual suspense. There would be a lecture. She sighed, running the car into the garage and shutting off the

motor as silently as she could. This time she would close and lock the garage doors, minimizing her fault as far as she could.

But she never closed the doors. There was a smell of something rank and nauseating in her nostrils, at her side, smothering the familiar odors of night. She did not know that this was the smell of danger until she felt it. Hands reached for her, seizing her arms and drawing them behind her with a terrible twisting movement. She was being dragged away with a hand over her mouth. Her feet scraped on cement, bushes caught and dragged at her skirt. She could not struggle because she was in an inhuman vise. But the life instinct of the captured remained in her numbed senses. She made her mouth free for a moment and screamed, knowing that there was no help, no servants, no neighbors, no police men. She screamed and knew that it was no scream but a gurgling moan that came from her, for instantly the horrible hand was over her face shutting the scream inside her throat.

She let herself go as a drowning person gives up to die, going down into a blackness that had no end. She thought it was death, but it was not death because presently her eyes came open and there was water on her face and a brilliant blinding light that revealed every leaf and flower. Her mother was holding her.

She couldn't walk but in some way the steps were before her and then there was gleaming whiteness all around and she realized that her mother had carried her into the house, into the kitchen that was austere as an operating room. The floodlight for the back yard was on and even with her burden Mrs. Acton had managed to turn it off.

"So that no one will come," she whispered.

Janet looked at her mother with the piteous expression of a child rescued from nightmare. She was sprawled on a hard white chair where she had been dropped and somehow kept her balance. Her arms and legs seemed to have no relation to her body and she could say only two words: "Where is . . ." and it ended there.

But Mrs. Acton was unbelievably alert. She moved from door to window, locking, lowering blinds, shutting the two of them into the cruelly white room that was more terrifying than utter darkness. At last she was satisfied that there was no inlet, no peephole, no way of entering without attacking the house itself.

"Hush," she said, though the silence was complete.

She came and stood before the girl in the chair, but there was no tenderness in her though she was all protective. Nor was there blame. There was acceptance of an inevitable fact, the "fate" she had so often spoken of and even a macabre satisfaction that she had been proved right. It was the old "I told you so" that is a part of some

Bonnie's BLUE

MENSTRUAL PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

**Bonnie's GAY
WITH
MIDOL**

All Drugstores have Midol

**Hair
OFF Face**

Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! After trying many things, I developed a simple, inexpensive method to remove unsightly hair. Its regular use helps thousands retain admiration, love, happiness. My **FREE** book explains method, proves success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also **TRIAL OFFER**. Write ANNETTE LANZETTE, P.O. Box 600, Dept. C-457, Toronto, Ont.

women like their hair or teeth. She said slowly:

"Janet, you must never, so long as you live, tell anyone about tonight. What has happened has happened, and nothing can ever undo it. So the only thing to do is to be silent. Never tell. So long as it is locked in your breast it is your secret. Tell it and you are undefended against the calumny, the conjecture of the public. And the public has no mercy even for the young and innocent. Listen to me. You are not hurt, you are only frightened. That is all. Tell yourself that it is all that has happened. And now, come upstairs with me and I will put you to bed with a sedative and after this we will never speak of tonight again."

But Janet had been looking around her in bewilderment. Where were the people, the friendly police, the men who hunted out burglars and criminals?

"But—what happened?" she stammered. "How did you find me? Mother, what became of the—" her teeth chattered but she got the rest of it out—"the man?"

Mrs. Acton said slowly, "I thought I heard the car come in, but I was not sure. I waited, I don't know how long, and then I must have heard something—a sound. I turned on the floodlight and went to find it. I found you."

She told this simply but with deliberation that gave the words momentum. And beneath their weight Janet's face changed and became rigid.

"He—escaped? He got away?"

"Of course. I am glad. What if someone had come—what if he had been caught? Think of the questions—the talk, the horror of a trial. Your life would be ruined. This is the better way. It is the only thing to be thankful for."

Janet's hand moved across her face, shutting out the whiteness of the room.

"But, mother—he might have killed you."

All she could think of or see was her mother running out into the dark shrubbery without hesitation or fear, unmindful of any danger to herself. Tears came into her eyes and she gazed at Mrs. Acton with adoration and trust.

"I will do anything you say, mother."

"Then never speak or think of this again."

Janet's long illness culminated at the end of summer; the doctor scolded and said that it had been coming on for a long time and why hadn't something been done about it? He fussed and fumed but finally the dangerous condition was over and she was well enough to move about and the change in her was attributed to convalescence that left her reserved and unwilling to be withdrawn from the isolation she had chosen.

Her illness was explained by Mrs. Acton as a nervous breakdown from too much study; instances were pointed out of this happening to other young people who took education seriously. She had been unnaturally gay for a time and then she was sequestered with her mother saying that she could see no one. And she couldn't. She was a sick girl. She even turned her face from the doctor's professional cheerfulness and refused to talk to him. Mrs. Acton stood close by. "She has been studying

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- with new Action Back design that won't show through!
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Exclusive Fabrilast gar-
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Wonderfully woven of
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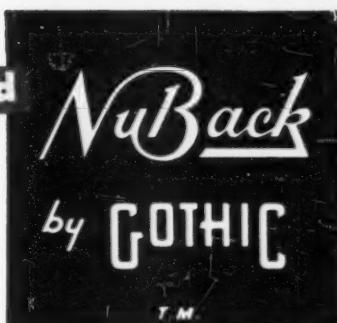
NuBack side-hook girdle — model 5302 — with improved Action Back. High waistline, firm thigh control, abdominal control, well boned. Available in sizes 24 to 36 and 14", 16", 17" lengths. Individual fitting ensures lasting comfort.

new improved

Ask for new NuBack—at leading corset counters!

*Trade Mark

New improved NuBack just won't ride up!



The groom was 7 years late



During the war, Bob Young met New York Deb Pat Burrage on a blind date—and was captivated by her dazzling Woodbury complexion. But the next day, he slipped out

without her address! Seven years later, they met again—on another blind date! This time, Bob didn't let lovely Pat get away. In six weeks, she became a Woodbury bride!

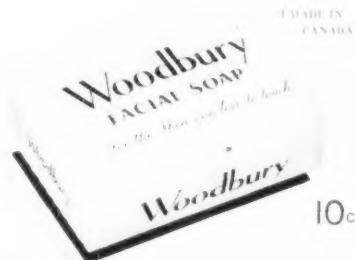


Seven years hadn't changed Pat's glowing complexion. Other soaps might dry her skin, but her Woodbury Facial Soap has a precious softening oil! It's intended to help replace the natural oils you wash away.



Skin scientists add this beauty-cream ingredient—the same skin-softener used in face creams—to every cake of Woodbury. Take Pat's advice—try Woodbury's richer, milder lather on your skin tonight!

Woodbury Facial Soap



with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient
...for the skin you love to touch

too hard," she said again and again with persistent monotony.

In such a case there was nothing to recommend but a change of scene. Mexico—a sea voyage? Mrs. Acton rejected every suggestion without admitting that they were all as remote as the moon from her finances.

"The man doesn't know what he is talking about," she said to the small inert figure on the bed. "You can't escape from yourself by running away. Trouble goes with you, if it is real trouble."

"Trouble?" Janet's voice was dim. Her mother sighed deeply, not a sorrowful sigh but one of relief.

"Real trouble, I said. It could have been so much worse. There is no reason why you can't get well in your own home. All you have to do is bury it deep and forget."

But the buried seed has a way of pushing up through the hardest clay. The growth pushed up through Janet's mind—in the night, when her mind was defenseless, it pushed up in an unconquerable fear and she would wake, trying to scream but only making that gurgling sound, like water pouring through a choked faucet; an animal sound that shamed her when she recognized it as coming from herself. But while it was still there her mother would be waking in the other bed, swinging her long thin legs over the side, instantly appearing a tall shadow in her dark robe that seemed to fall upon her from the ceiling. Her mother's voice could stop the gurgling, the dreadful trembling, the sickness.

"It's nothing, darling. Nothing has happened. There is no one here. You are safe."

Her mother never touched her at these times. She stood over the bed, thin and fearfully dark, silhouetted in whatever light there was and when there was no light, as on moonless nights, she became a voice out of darkness. She never asked what the dream was; she never spoke of dreaming. She only said, "Go to sleep. Forget."

But there had been no dream. It was only trying to scream and then sinking down into the abyss; black feathers of nothingness until that voice came through, telling her that she was safe. "Mother—mother—"

Only then the arms closed around her. She was shivering with cold and under her thin nightgown her body was like stone.

"Come into my bed, Janet."

But she did not want that. It was all right now that she was awake. She did not want to be touched even by that touch of safety. She reached for the lamp chain and the room was flooded with soft friendly light. "I'm so sorry, mother."

The scene from recurrence had become familiar. Slowly she relaxed and the response of flesh to spirit settled into reassurance. Chairs, tables, the bedside clock. The bathroom door was ajar, but there was nothing in the bathroom but white tile and towels. The house was locked like a vault. New fastenings had been put on doors and windows.

"You had better have a sedative, Janet."

"No, no . . . please go back to bed, mother. I am so sorry to disturb you . . ."

Mrs. Acton remained standing. "We

must do something about this hysteria, Janet. If you cannot control yourself, perhaps a doctor"—she looked thoughtful—"another man—not old Carson. All he knows is malaria and measles."

She always said that, but both knew that no doctor would ever be seen about Janet. No one would be told about what Mrs. Acton called "hysteria."

"Please go back to bed, mother."

"If you won't listen to me . . ." Presently her voice came from a bulwark of pillows. "Leave the light on for awhile if it helps, dear."

But the light went off immediately. Janet did not want her mother to be awake. She wanted her asleep with her mind wandering elsewhere . . . but did she really want this? How could she be sure of what her mother was thinking?

That night would pass like others. They never spoke of it the next day.

Janet did not go to Mexico or to college as she had hoped. With all their economy there wasn't enough money. Rising prices and a depleted income saw to that and instead she got herself a job as typist in the Morgan Real Estate offices and the salary helped. She was happier than she had been for a long time.

Janet had dark hair, worn soft and close to her head; she was pale and her face had an indefinable remoteness as she herself was remote. Her eyes were blue-grey but the greyness shadowed the blue as a cloud comes over the sky. When Henry Forbes met her he thought she was beautiful and suddenly his own hands and feet felt big and clumsy, his face reddened and his collar choked him, but with all his experience, which was considerable, Henry did not know that he was falling in love.

It was by the merest chance that he met her at all among the swarming desks and typewriters that were always busy; it just happened that she did a little work for him one day and then it was over.

Henry was quite a lad and making very good at real estate, so good that at 27 he could see his way clear to an affluent old age. When he saw something he wanted he went after it with such bulldog tenacity that he had the bone in his teeth before it was known that there was a bone. Now he had a sure-fire buyer for the Acton house and after he got a report on Mrs. Acton's affairs he thought of the deal in the bag. Henry wanted to make a lot of money and fast. He had a double reason now.

The catch was that he did not know Janet as Mrs. Acton's daughter. To him she was disembodied, thought of as "she" and "her," for that was as far as he ever got with her. A small hand putting papers in his basket, a low voice asking if there was anything more . . . But time would fix that, Henry thought in his burgeoning confidence.

In his smart polished coupe and with his most genial camaraderie on tap he went to call upon Mrs. Acton to sound her out. He never telephoned prospective sellers; he took them by storm, dangled his bait, gave them no time to think and got a signature of agreement before the smiles grew thin. This time it didn't work out that way. Mrs. Acton was in bed with sciatica and Janet opened the door.

He was dumfounded. "What? You?" His tongue tied in knots.

Continued on page 56



Make Your Dream Dress Come True

YOU'VE ALWAYS dreamed of yourself in the prettiest dress at the party? You don't need a fairy godmother these days. Your own needle can work the wonders of a magic wand, and the new fabrics look as if they had been touched by one already. Left: Simplicity No. 8311—Gala swirl of pastel nylon net over shimmering satin.

Velvet roses adorn the beautifully Shirred bodice. Tiny waist waltzes out into a bouffant skirt. Centre: Simplicity No. 3263. Suave black satin blouse to top an evening skirt. (No. 3264) of rustling moiré. Right: Simplicity No. 3124. Corduroy makes its formal debut in a strapless gown that clears the floor at ballerina length.

See page 64 for Simplicity Pattern prices and details for ordering.

SISTER START A BUDGET*Continued from page 15*

That's because the percentages which we spend for most staple items in the family budget vary but little.

One of the main reasons for this survey was to check the Canadian spending habits against those of 10 years ago. The first official attempt by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics to report on family budgets and spending was in 1938. It was this study that is the basis of the cost-of-living index we now use in Canada.

To show how closely our spending habits of 1948 matched those of 1938 I've attempted to compare the 1948 budget of "middle-income" Canadians with the 1938. (See Table 3.) The two sets of figures aren't precisely comparable. But they are near enough to show the striking similarity of main items like food and clothing. Food seems to take about 30% of our budget even though prices have doubled clothing about 11 or 12%.

But there are some important differences—differences which will help

you budget more efficiently for 1951.

For instance, you'll notice one item which stands out very sharply in the "middle-sized" family budget (Table 2)—Housing, \$305—only 9.4% of the total expenditure.

That figure may shock you if you've been paying a big rental or if you've been thinking of the old-fashioned yardstick that housing should cost about one fifth of your salary—as in 1938.

Housing costs have, in fact, gone up since 1948, as rents are decontrolled, and they are going higher in 1951, as rent control disappears entirely. That means you may have to do some planning and some squeezing.

Another item that's going to cost more in 1951 is income taxes.

You'll notice that income taxes took between \$100 and \$180 in 1948. (There wasn't any such tax item for average Canadian families in 1938.) Since 1948 they've dropped considerably for most Canadians. But for 1951, income taxes are certain to rise. So the budget will have to be adjusted—upward.

Where can we make some savings?

If you compare 1938 spending with 1948, you'll find big differences for furnishings, equipment, recreation,

One obvious and important reason is that in 1948 there was heavy buying of cars, refrigerators, stoves and other "durables" to make up for what couldn't be bought during the war. As well, we're smoking more, and taxes on tobacco have risen very sharply.

You'll notice there's nothing in these expenditure columns about "alcoholic beverages."

For reasons best known to ourselves, hardly anyone ever puts down in a family budget the proper amount spent on this particular item. To get the actual total (about \$600 million in 1949) you have to look to our over-all national accounts. In total dollar outlay, alcoholic beverages come fourth on the list—between housing and tobacco.

If we had to rely solely on what Canadian families report they spent on beer and liquor, we'd have an item only about one fifth as big as this. So that's an "invisible" in the family budget that will bear watching in 1951.

One final thought. There will be little real hardship if we do make a serious effort to curb our spending.

For the fact is our average standard of living in Canada rose by about 50% during the 1938-48 decade.

I remember Donald Gordon, when he was Deputy Governor of the Bank of Canada, pointing out that as a nation we drank one third more milk, ate two thirds more pork, rang up two thirds more movie admissions and bought 75% more new houses in 1948 than we did in 1938. We used twice as much gasoline, chewed twice as much gum, bought twice as many refrigerators and ate three times as much ice cream.

There's a rub, of course, in that all of us in Canada haven't been able to share equally in this tremendous growth.

The figures show that our "average" family in 1948 had about 80% more to spend than in 1938. Unfortunately, not all family income rose by this amount. That's the great difficulty about an inflationary period. Only in certain occupations and wage groups do incomes keep abreast of rising prices. Other people—especially annuitants, teachers and many white-collar workers—find their remuneration lagging behind when living costs soar.

That means some of us will have to make greater than average efforts to make ends meet. And nearly all of us will have to do something about our family budget in 1951. +

NEVER TELL*Continued from page 54*

Janet had no intention of letting him in but he was in.

Henry, like all good salesmen, was a bit of a fatalist. A fact was a fact to him and after the first shock he accepted Janet for who she was. He had also dipped into psychology and the girl, shrinking before his dominant personality, became an ally. His practiced eye took in the contour of the generous rooms, the Adam fireplace, the graceful curving stairway. Built when houses were houses, no gimmick business here, an honest house that deserved to come into the market. Also Henry had no difficulty in mixing love with business. "My mother does not wish to sell," Janet told him.

That was the moment when he began to have that out-of-proportion feeling. She stood in the doorway waiting for him to go. He had to stay if it killed him.

Henry's reflexes were all strongly masculine. He liked rare steak and good ale and the aroma of expensive cigars clung about him—but never cigarettes. He was full of ruddy life and all that goes with it and until now he had never known a misanthropic moment. Adding to these normal assets he was extremely good-looking and wore clothes that suited him. He possessed another quality not often revealed but which he cherished. There was a fine thread of pure silver in Henry. It made a delicate singing sound when it was touched by distress or helplessness or pain—any of the sensations apart from his own strength. And now, suddenly, he heard that faint silver singing.

"Perhaps you will let me tell you about it," he said humbly.

But after he had told her, a precious half hour filled with dull figures and arguments, he was exactly nowhere. She shook her head.

"I am sure my mother wouldn't be interested."

He had forgotten her mother. "I will come and talk to her when she is better—if I may."

He had to go. He had to get into his car and drive away as if he was not leaving the one thing a man looks for all his life and seldom finds. Seeing her against her own background made her real for the first time. This was no longer a fancy that might or might not be lasting. It was the real thing and Henry recognized it. "Janet Acton," he muttered, and wondered why he had been such a fool as not to know that the name could only belong to one person.

Janet went up to her mother's room when she could control the odd fluttering in her throat. There was a faint flush on her cheeks and her eyes were deeper and bluer than they had ever been. She was not unfamiliar with these signs for she had seen them in other girls. She knew girls who would be crazy about Henry Forbes.

"Who was that?" Mrs. Acton demanded querulously. "What did he want? Why did he stay so long?"

When Janet met her mother's eyes the brief elation faded from her own. She became pale, silent, closed.

"It was a real estate salesman. He has a buyer for this house."

"Nonsense. The house is not for sale. You didn't have to talk about it."

But Mrs. Acton was more interested than she would admit. Money matters were in a bad way and threatened to be worse. The house needed repairs and would soon deteriorate visibly. She couldn't bear that. And then she was getting older. What would happen to Janet if she was gone? Life had not turned out as she expected it to.

"If he comes again I might see him for a moment," she said casually. "I like to know what is going on in the business world. You never tell me anything."

Naturally Henry Forbes came again. He saw Janet every day, but it was like looking at a rose garden over a high fence. It had been difficult to keep him-

self from coming the next morning before breakfast but he waited for two days. And when he came he saw Mrs. Acton for 10 minutes and the business section of his heart received impetus for here was a potential sale on the platter. The antennae between them were alert, but he could not take a full-blooded pleasure in his prospective commission.

He realized that when the house was sold he would lose Janet. The Actons would go into the No-man's land where houseless people vanish.

Henry was in love and being naive, straightforward and successful, he went about love as he did everything.

"Janet, will you marry me?" he asked when he was alone with her again.

She turned her face away but not before he had seen a look there which appalled and defeated him. He did not wish to analyze it for it made him sick at heart and withered his self-confidence to nothingness. She looked as if she was afraid of him.

"No, no!" she cried from the shelter of her hands. "No!"

"But, Janet—why?"

It was characteristic of Henry that he skipped the dialogue of do-you-or-don't-you-love-me and went directly to the bottom of the thing. This was not a refusal; it was rejection of marriage itself. He waited for her to speak, a thin line growing around his jawbone.

Her hands went down to her lap. "I can't tell you why."

Then it wasn't love. She could have told him easily enough. There are plenty of words to say. "I don't love you."

He did not urge her to tell him. Apparently he had never asked her to marry him at all. He continued to be a casual acquaintance with the matter of the house sale in abeyance until Mrs. Acton became a little nervous. She had become accustomed to the idea of a great profit and felt it slipping.

"We could go and live in Bermuda," she told Janet. "One can live very cheaply there and it would be like being born again. No one would know us. Or anything about us."

Janet showed no enthusiasm about Bermuda, but then she had never been enthusiastic, at least, not for a long time.

Janet was much better. She slept through the nights and there was color in her small face. But the habit of reserve was unbroken and she did not tell her mother about Henry. She was in a walled place, very small, and even her mother could not penetrate there.

But Mrs. Acton was a penetrative woman and she could try. She kept her own secrets, but she knew how to strip other people of theirs.

"Do you like Henry Forbes well enough to marry him?" she asked.

Janet stared blankly at the wall. Her eyes, all grey now, concealed her thoughts.

"I couldn't marry him—or anyone—unless I told," she said faintly.

"Told what? That you have a fixation about what might never have been? Janet, I have told you a hundred times that you must forget. It was a dream, a nightmare. Why do you persist in letting it spoil your life?"

Janet shuddered violently and then her face flushed with anger. She was so rarely angry that this came as a storm, an upheaval.

"It has spoiled my life because you will not let me forget it. When you say that I must, it only sinks deeper roots. Why should I forget if there is nothing to forget?" She struck at her breast and it did not seem dramatic but only pitiful. "It is all shut up inside me and it grows and grows. If I am ever to be happy I must tell someone. I must tell Henry."

Mrs. Acton cried out in genuine horror.

"Tell Henry? Humiliate yourself before him? Do you think that would change anything? Do you want to tear yourself down, be disgraced in his eyes?"

The volley of questions shattered her. Her face quivered and broke into tears. She tried to put her arms around Janet, but Janet held away from her.

"Why do you say 'disgrace'?" I have

Continued on page 63

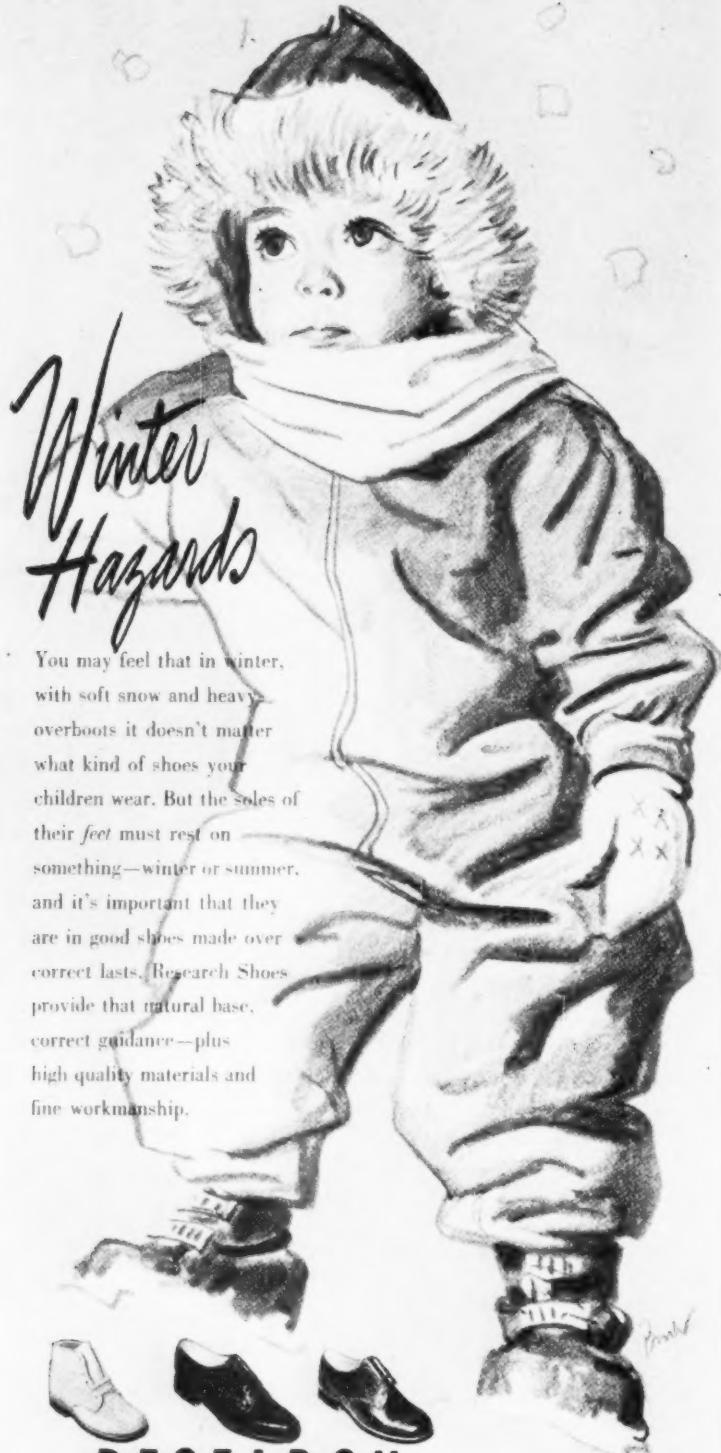
Sew and Save
WITH
Tex-made
Cottons

Yes, mother knows how to keep the family well dressed — yet stay within her budget. She has made her housecoat from Victoria — one of the exceedingly smart fabrics in the wide range of "Tex-made" sun and tubfast cotton prints. She has also shown good taste in selecting "Tex-made" Woolette for the children, because she knows this top-grade flannelette will keep them warm, will wear well and will stand up to repeated washings.

See these and other "Tex-made" cotton fabrics at leading stores from coast to coast. It's smart — to sew and save!



DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED Montreal, Canada



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RESEARCH Shoes by Savage

There are Savage Shoes in every price range. You'll find them under these brand names:

HURLBUT · SANDY SAVAGE · JACK & JILL
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A view of child's foot showing proper development at left, distortion caused by faulty foot wear at right.



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

May Save Your Child's Life

Illness is bad for a child both physically and emotionally. Children always become spoiled to some extent when they are sick, even though you try to prevent it. It is far better both for you and for them to keep them well. Everybody would agree to all this but quite a few people still don't take advantage of the health safeguards that are available.

Preventing Diphtheria

Diphtheria can be prevented but nevertheless 798 Canadians, mostly youngsters, developed it last year and 79 of them died as a result. Diphtheria can be carried and spread by healthy people, so it is impossible to save your child from exposure to this disease. The way to protect him is to have him given diphtheria toxoid early in his babyhood. Most physicians give the first injection at about 6 months of age, although some prefer to start it a little earlier. Usually three doses are given, with three or four weeks between each of them. The injections cause little pain—not much more than a mosquito bite—and they usually do not upset the baby at all. These injections cause the baby to produce "antibodies" which will neutralize the effects of or act against any diphtheria germs that he later takes into his body. In some youngsters the amount of these antibodies gradually decreases as time goes on. In order to keep them at a good level, a small

"booster" dose is given about a year after the first series and again just before the youngster starts to school.

Why aren't all babies given toxoid?

Procrastination is probably the commonest reason. Many mothers intend to do it, but just don't get around to it. Many physicians who examine the babies and children under their care regularly—as is best—give these injections as part of their usual routine. The same is true for the well baby clinics and child health centres that are arranged by the health departments and staffed by physicians and nurses. It may be that you will need to make the arrangements yourself, but don't delay in doing so.

A few people still seem to be a little upset by the idea of having this material injected into their babies. It can't possibly do your child the slightest harm. It has been used here in Canada for the past 25 years with complete success. The following figures will show you how valuable it is. In 1920, when Toronto had a population of about 500,000, there were 2,258 cases of diphtheria with 224 deaths. In 1934, when the population had risen about 20%, there were 22 cases and no deaths.

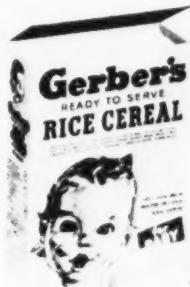
Whooping cough is still quite a common disease here, and it is still a dangerous one, especially for children under 2 or 3 years of age. Last year nearly 9,000 cases of whooping cough were reported in Canada and 202 of these children died. In fact it killed

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director

Wake Up...
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as NEW as you

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RICE CEREAL



Yes, A Brand-New Cereal. And it's just exactly what doctors have been asking for. So many of them said to us, "Can you Gerber folks give us another good starting cereal for babies? Rice preferably!" It's ready now. So tasty, smooth and digestible! Just what the doctors asked for.

Doctors Like All Our "Quads" (four cereals, that is). First, because each offers good ready-to-serve nutrition. And Gerber's four-way variety makes it easier for you to keep Baby eating cereal every day. Just rotate Gerber's Cereal

Food, Oatmeal Cereal, Barley Cereal and Rice Cereal. Each has its own pleasant flavour. Each contains important added iron, calcium and several B vitamins.

Your Best Friend is the man with "the little black bag." He helps you keep (or make) Baby well. He helps us develop tempting new foods tots and toddlers need. Everything from Starting Cereals to Strained Fruits, Vegetables, Soups and Desserts. It's a big job, but we like it! And it's *all* we do — from morning till night — every day.

Babies are our business ... our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS

Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd.,
Niagara Falls, Canada.



FINGER TIP from a registered nurse. She says that tiny babies keep their fists so tightly clenched for a large part of the time. That makes finger-nail cutting difficult. But if you wait until Baby is drowsy after a feeding, his hands relax and nail snapping is easier.



FREE — "QUADS" FOR YOUR SMALL ONE. Yes, samples of Gerber's 4 Cereals, (the brand-new Rice Cereal, Barley Cereal, Oatmeal Cereal and Cereal Food). To get these—all ready-to-serve, just drop a card to Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.



SO-O-O BIG! My, how the variety of foods you can serve Baby has grown. For new Gerber's Strained Fruits, Vegetables, Soups and Desserts are made right in Canada, so you can readily find these nourishing, True-Flavour favourites at stores in your neighborhood. Ask your doctor when your baby can start enjoying Gerber's Strained Foods.

GOOD SEATING ARRANGEMENT. A young mother sends us this helpful hint. She uses Baby's car seat in the house. By attaching it to a living room chair, the seat is high enough to avoid floor drafts, yet can't possibly tip over. It also provides a convenient eye-level for Baby, and makes him feel part of the family group.



CUTS DOWN THE WASH. As many mothers have found out, a quilted pad under Baby's head saves sheet-changing. Pads need not be washed after each use if covered with a fresh diaper. Pin diaper to underside of pad for a smooth, wrinkle-proof surface.



COVER-UP STUFF. One of our fellow mothers writes, "Aluminum foil makes a wonderful cover for an opened container of Gerber's Baby Foods. Press on a small piece before popping the left-overs in the refrigerator. No rubber bands needed. Each 'cover' can be used several times."



Hints collected by
Mrs. Dan Gerber
(Mother of 5)



The most precious thing a mother can buy for the most precious person in her life

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nearly as many youngsters as diphtheria, scarlet fever and polio combined.

Fortunately there is now a very good preventive for whooping cough in the form of whooping cough vaccine. In about 80% of babies these injections will prevent the appearance of the disease entirely. In the 20% that do develop it, it is mild, which alone would be reason enough for its use. As you know, typical whooping cough is a very prolonged, exhausting and distressing disease. Whooping cough vaccine and diphtheria toxoid combined can now be given in one injection and the results are just as good as when given separately.

Lockjaw or Tetanus

This is a relatively uncommon disease, but it is dreadful when it does occur. The germs that cause it enter the body through a cut, scratch or blister. Deep puncture wounds are especially dangerous, but sometimes the disease follows a very slight cut or scratch. The germs live naturally in horses, and therefore they are especially common on farms. As you would expect, they are often present in road dust. There is a most effective preventive for this disease too in the form of tetanus toxoid. We can't prevent our youngsters from cutting and hurting themselves occasionally. We will certainly rest easier if we know this danger has been guarded against. Preparations containing this toxoid and also

diphtheria toxoid and whooping cough vaccine are also available. When these are used the child is protected against all these three diseases.

Smallpox

Smallpox is less common here than any of these other diseases, but it still occurs fairly frequently in some parts of the world. With the steadily increasing use of air travel we never know when smallpox will arrive in Canada. Vaccination has been used effectively against this disease for the past 150 years. You certainly should have your baby vaccinated. This is best done sometime between the ages of six months and 18 months, and at that age it upsets a child very little. He should be vaccinated again when he is about seven years old, and preferably seven years later also. Second vaccinations usually cause even less reaction than the first ones.

Laws requiring the pasteurization of all milk sold for human consumption are in force in two Canadian provinces. Such laws should be passed by all the provinces. Although the agriculturists and veterinarians are doing excellent work in combating cow tuberculosis and other bovine diseases, this alone will not make the milk safe. Pasteurization is the only sure safeguard and it fortunately does not render the milk less valuable nutritionally. Public demand will hasten compulsory pasteurization.

REPORTER AND REDHEAD

Continued from page 47

have. I was so darn angry I turned her over my knee and let her have it. She apologized, Sam. She—boy, were you right! We're pushing off for home after lunch. Thanks, Sam. Thanks!"

"Yeah," Sam said. He racked the phone and looked down at Sally. He couldn't see her very well. "Add reconciliation. They're leaving together after lunch."

Sam went up the city room. The story must have been all over the Eagle building, but even Jerry, the wisecracking lift jockey, didn't have a thing to say when Sam stepped into his car.

In the cafe downstairs Sam ordered raw beef for his eye and coffee for his morale. His eye was completely closed and the sharp pain had become a dull, throbbing one, but Sam was glad about Roger and Gloria. Maybe he couldn't handle his own love life, but he'd straightened out a pair who were pretty much all right and right for each other, and it was only proper that Sally should have the story.

He sighed and pressed the beef to his eye. He smelled a sweet fragrance on his blind side. When he turned his head Sally was sitting beside him.

Her eyes were big and accusing. "Sam, that was an act, wasn't it?"

Sam lowered the beef and thrust his face at her. "An act? Does that look like an act?"

She didn't flinch. She gave a low cry. "Oh, Sam, does it hurt?"

"It hurts like the devil," Sam said.

"But you wanted them to come together," Sally insisted. "Sam, you did, didn't you? That's why he called you a double-crosser. I could tell by your face that you didn't know any-

thing about—about marrying that Gloria person. You just wanted to help Roger Hallaway."

Sam plunked the beef against his eye once more. "So what? He's a good guy."

"And so are you," Sally said, her voice low and thrilling. "You're not rough and domineering. You—you're really soft and kind and tender inside."

Sam gulped. "I"

"You are. Oh, Sam, I hoped you were. I couldn't help being attracted to you, but when I thought you were so domineering and ruthless, I was afraid and disappointed. You—you just told me I was going to marry you and I couldn't take that sort of thing. I—oh, Sam, women don't want to be told. Not my kind of woman. We want to be asked to—to be wooed."

Sam swiveled his head. He couldn't see very well, even with his one good eye, but what he saw made his blood sing. He said, "A big guy like me can't go asking. If people think he's soft they'll make his life miserable."

"But not me," Sally said tenderly.

Sam's heart was beating so he could hardly breathe. "You more than anyone because you—you're the only one that can hurt me."

"Oh, Sam." He saw the shimmer of tears on her silky lashes. He felt her hand on his arm. "Sam, ask me, please."

Sam said stubbornly, "I can't. I'm telling you. We're going to get married, you and me, Sally."

He heard her deep sigh. Heard her say, "Yes, Sam."

It tore him. He said, his voice rumbling, "I'll come around to your house though, and ask you. Tonight. I—I'll really ask you, Sally."

He couldn't see her but he felt her hand tremble on his arm. All she said was, "Oh, Sam" But that was enough. ♦

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FEBRUARY CHATELAINE

RUNAWAYS

Continued from page 13

small family, brought his regiment back as far as Halifax, then returned to his English girl friend on the same boat.

But it is the postwar boom that is making desertions possible. A U. S. welfare official has said: "An increase in desertions is a better indication of prosperity than a rise in carloadings."

An Ontario welfare department head explained: "Desertion is the poor man's divorce, committed usually by men in the \$30 to \$45 a week wage group. Men with higher earnings usually settle their marital problems by divorce or legal separation. In hard times the working-man has to stick with his job because he knows he might not find another. Today jobs are plentiful and most men have \$100 or \$200 salted away in savings. They have the money to skip out to another city, and they know they can soon find another job."

The same official added that crowded housing was also an important contributing factor to the marital unhappiness which frequently resulted in the husband deserting.

These are the basic factors underlying today's rapidly increasing desertion rate, but what about the personal and individual reasons within the family?

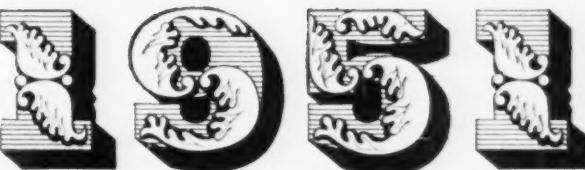
Welfare workers point out that frequently the wife is far more to blame than the deserting husband himself. Said one: "Where children are involved no man is justified in abandoning them for someone else to support. But frequently, as far as the wife is concerned, we cannot blame the man for wanting to get away."

Nagging or alcoholic wives, inefficient housekeeping or careless handling of the family income are frequently causes which drive husbands to desertion. A farmer summoned to a Cooksville Ont., court recently declared: "I kept the barn cleaner for the cows than she kept the house for the kids."

A year in London, England, attended a beauty demonstration for young wives last summer, shuddered and announced he had found the cause of much marital unhappiness. Said Rev. Eric Bailey: "What a frightful sight a woman is made to look before retiring for the night. I can't help thinking that this may be the cause of many marriage breakdowns. The hair is gathered up in a kind of net strapped under the chin, and the face and neck are smeared with hideous cream."

Judge H. S. Mott of Toronto family court told me many desertions result when husband and wife grow apart mentally. "A young man and woman marry before they are fully developed intellectually," he said. "The man is out every day broadening his experience, the woman is home raising a family. He continues to grow mentally and socially. She doesn't."

But desertion basically is an attempt



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by a man to escape strain and responsibility. The above factors may be the seeds, but before a desertion can occur, one or more of those seeds must fall on fertile soil—an immature self-centred personality, a mind untrained for the adult job of meeting responsibility and crises.

Miss J. H. Carscallen, Children's Aid Society social worker, told me: "The seeds of desertion are frequently sown in childhood. We see the same pattern over and over again in desertion cases. A husband, frequently the wife too, had neglected and unhappy childhoods and they married early to escape. Their childhood background left them immature and unfitted for the responsibilities of adult life. There is instability of work, financial strain, crowded housing. They discover marriage isn't an escape, but a load of new responsibilities. In another attempt at escape, the husband often turns to alcohol. There is frequent quarreling. Babies come one after another. Everything snowballs and culminates with the husband's desertion."

Desertion statistics indicate one significant fact. Children don't appear to be the family stabilizing influence they are generally reputed to be. In fact, the frequency of what are known as "pregnancy desertions" suggests that the impending birth of another child is the last straw that sends the husband gallivanting. Welfare Administrator George Reid of Timmins, Ont., announced recently that warrants had been issued for the arrest of 30 Timmins deserters. Twelve of the 30 deserted wives were expecting babies.

The statistics have other tips for the wife who wishes to keep ironing a man's shirt collars. One tip: buy a farm. Twice as many city husbands desert as rural ones. Why? No one knows, but it is a generally accepted principle among social workers that the rural family is more stable than the city one. There is evidence too that marriages have their desertion danger points. Desertions reach their highest peak after one or two years of marriage—the point at which a husband begins to realize that marriage isn't the big vacation fiction writers imply. After two years of marriage the desertion rate levels off, then it hits another peak around the 20th year. Many husbands who have grimly stuck it out while the children are growing desert when the children leave home.

Welfare authorities paint a grim picture of the family havoc wrought by desertion. Often the husband is caught and ordered by a court to contribute to his family's maintenance, but usually, whether the family is supported by public relief or by the absent husbands, the income provides only a bare existence. Frequently the wife must do part-time work, and all too often this results in neglected children. Judge Mott told me the biggest cause of child delinquency is the broken home.

"Divorce and death are final," he said, "and it is easier for a mother and children to adjust to these situations. But desertion leaves an uncertainty hanging over the home. The husband might come back, he might not."

And the embarrassment and inferiority feelings left behind with desertion victims often cause serious personality injuries.

An Ontario welfare department head told me: "A woman's vanity is an

important thing. Getting married is one of the high points in her life. Divorce usually provides her with an opportunity to save face. But to wake up one morning and discover her husband is no longer home is a severe emotional shock that may mark her for life."

Even those who would solve their problems by remarriage can rarely do so. A husband missing seven years can be declared dead for the disposing of his estate, and the wife is then legally a widow and free to remarry. But husbands rarely remain missing seven years. They usually turn up somewhere just long enough to remove themselves from the missing list, then disappear again.

Using mothers' allowance statistics and the records of non-support court cases as a guide, welfare authorities estimate that 2,000 Canadian mothers and some 5,000 children will be left to fight their own battles by vanishing fathers in 1951. 2,000 families to be added to the already impressive total whose breadwinners have said: "Here, Mr. Taxpayer, you can take care of them from now on."

The number of desertions each year is increasing alarmingly. One of the best gauges of the desertion rate are mothers' allowance statistics. Every province, except Newfoundland, includes desertion as a condition entitling mothers to allowance payments.

In 1946, for example, Ontario was paying allowances to 206 deserted wives; in September, 1950, it had 840. In 1948 6% of mothers' allowances were being paid because of desertion; at present more than 12% are desertion cases. Saskatchewan's mothers' allowance board had 52 deserted wives under its wing in 1946, 162 in 1949.

What financial burden are deserting husbands dumping into the taxpayer's lap? In 1948 mothers' allowance payments to deserted wives and children in Ontario amounted to about \$20,000 a month; by September 1950 it was \$53,000 a month.

Mothers' allowance figures show just one small segment of the over-all desertion picture, for before a mother is

eligible her husband's whereabouts must be unknown for at least one year—in Ontario, but ranging up to five years in other provinces. Hundreds of other deserted mothers are on municipal relief because they cannot meet the mothers' allowance requirements, and there are thousands more whose runaway husbands have been traced and ordered by courts to support their families. And finally there is a fourth group, undoubtedly large, although authorities have no record. These are the thousands of mothers who, because of embarrassment or shame, refuse to apply for public assistance, pack the kids off to grandma, and go to work.

An official of Ontario's Department of Public Welfare told me: "Multiply the mothers' allowance records for desertion by five and you will be somewhere close to the total." At that rate Canada today has about 15,000 deserted mothers.

Court records provide another view of the desertion epidemic—the deserters who vanish for a time, only to have the law finally catch up with them.

In 1943 Canadian courts convicted 2,271 deserters of non-support; in 1948, it was 4,857.

Most were ordered by courts to contribute to their families' support, but the taxpayer still gets stuck with a share of the burden. Usually the support payments (average: \$20 a week) are insufficient to fully provide for the deserted family.

Desertion has been called "the crime most easy to commit." Is there no cure? Welfare authorities told me there is.

Canada's desertion and non-support laws are a hodgepodge of provincial acts, every act different (except Quebec, which has none at all). There is one nationwide law relating to desertion—a section in the Criminal Code—but it requires the deserted wife to be in "destitute circumstances," and since every community starts granting relief before a mother can be said to be destitute, the Criminal Code seldom applies against a deserter.

Most provincial desertion acts allow a court to order the husband to pay support to his family, though under

some the penalty for non-payment is so light that the deserter can thumb his nose at the whole business, go to jail for a few days and be on his way again.

The cure, however, is that he must be located to... And tracing deserters today is left merely to municipal police in the wife's town where the non-support charge is laid.

Said W. J. Gummell (CCF Cochrane South) in the Ontario legislature this year: "The entire police force is called out to find a man who pulls a \$50 robbery, but there is little effort to find family deserters. Property crimes are greater than crimes against humanity."

If a deserter is smart enough to go to Quebec, New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island or the U. S., he may remain safe, even though the police have his address. From these areas he must be brought back to his wife's town to face a non-support trial. It's frequently cheaper for a municipality to pay the wife relief than to bring the man back.

But Nova Scotia and the provinces from Ontario west now have a reciprocal agreement under which deserters can be tried wherever they are. If a Vancouver deserter is arrested in Toronto, the wife can testify before a Vancouver court, and a magistrate there can order the husband to pay support. The evidence is sent to Toronto where another magistrate hears the husband's defense. He can approve the Vancouver order, alter it, or acquit the husband completely. Northern Ireland, England and Wales have also entered into this reciprocal procedure. Several Canadian deserters who have gone back to wartime sweethearts overseas are now being forced to support families.

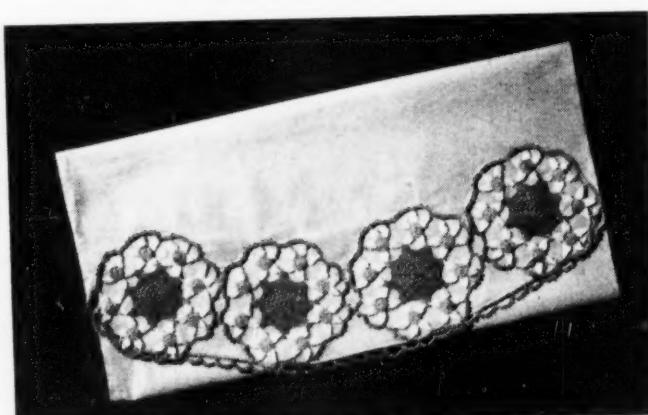
"What is needed," an Ontario government official told me, "is a uniform desertion law for all Canada and a reciprocal agreement that takes in all provinces, all of the British Isles and the U. S. Then, with a law that would really work, there would be a central registry for filing descriptions of deserters so that tracing them could be carried out under a nationwide system."

The Hon. W. A. Goodfellow, Ontario's Minister of Public Welfare, announced last October that his department had launched a province-wide survey into the causes of desertion and the adequacy of laws relating to it. "It has become a matter of major concern. Desertions must be halted. If we find the Deserted Wives' and Children's Maintenance Act needs more teeth, legislation will be submitted."

But social workers would attack desertions at their source—the home. Said Judge Mott: "Courts should be the last resort. Once a husband and wife have washed all their dirty linen in court there is little chance of reconciliation."

In 60% of the cases in which reconciliation officers of Toronto family court get a separated couple to discuss their problems out of court, a reconciliation is arranged. Rarely does a husband desert again. Said one who returned home after a year's desertion: "Desertion doesn't solve anything. Just try spending Christmas alone in a boarding-house and you'll know what I mean."

One man returned after supporting his wife separately under a court order for 27 years. They are very happy. "The only good thing that desertion accomplished for me," he said, "was that I got two honeymoons out of the same marriage." ♦



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NEVER TELL

Continued from page 56

done nothing, but you have made me feel disgraced. All this time it has never been the truth but what you have made me *feel* that counted—what you were thinking might be true."

Mrs. Acton's spare body rocked back and forth. She was really suffering, but Janet was unaware of anything but her own emotions.

"You have made me feel guilty," she said with terrible conviction.

It was the first rebellion and they both realized that they must not quarrel. They were too close for that. It is dangerous for human beings to be as close as Janet and her mother for it is inevitable that their battles must leave them enemies.

Henry's reaction to refusal was typical. Finding himself frustrated he retreated and gave ground to the problem. This was an old by-pass of Henry's born of experience with refractory buyers and sellers and guaranteed to put them in the anxious seat. He had not taken no for an answer, but he behaved as if he had. He made no more appointments with Mrs. Acton and when he passed Janet's desk wore his busiest air. They exchanged the briefest greeting.

But Henry was thinking it over. Love was a complication; it dulled him, slowed him down until he began missing breakfasts. He was very unhappy and an inferiority complex began to sink teeth into his self-esteem. At the first sharp nip nature reacted and Henry became himself again. If Janet didn't love him, would never love him, he wanted to know it. No matter how bad the news it couldn't be worse for knowing it. So after a time he threw tactics out the window; he would see Janet, demand the truth and accept it.

He stopped at her desk. "Will you have dinner with me, Janet?"

Her small face was an unfeeling triangle.

"I'm sorry. Not tonight."

"When?"

"Not ever, Henry. It—it isn't any use."

He retreated again but only to gather his forces. Rebuffs merely sharpened Henry's determination to win Janet or lose her. There was something here he didn't understand and that was a challenge.

It was a rainy five o'clock when he rang the Acton doorbell. Dusk had come early and the sad firs and close shrubbery made a stygian darkness around the house. Mrs. Acton opened the door. There was a single small light in the hall and it made her look a Medusa in her tall denial.

"The matter of the house is closed," she said coldly. "There is no need for you to come here again." The door closed finally.

Henry descended steps to a pool of blackness under the bougainvillia. His wet tweed shoulders smelled suggestively of a cigar and a reviving drink, but he decided against it. He was shaken by Mrs. Acton's rebuff and tried to remember all he had heard about mothers with one daughter. Probably she thought he wasn't good enough for Janet, but he knew that without being told by a closed door.

A small car with faded lights came into the street, turned wide and headed up the driveway, chugged to a stop at the top of it. He took half a step toward it but no more. He was watching something unaccountable and terrible and he couldn't move.

Janet got out of the car and now was running along the walk with an exhausted, halting movement as if she had run for miles, as if every step meant a desperate effort to take another. She ran and fear ran beside her, a dreadful companion she could not escape and he felt the fear like a live thing holding him back.

It was not far but it seemed very far as he listened to her footsteps and a sort of understanding tried to break through to him as if he had seen or heard of this in a dream and now had lost the key, the vital part that would make it whole.

But this could not be. Henry was too mundane, too human for mysteries. All he could see was Janet, terribly afraid when there was nothing to fear; a woman in fear without reason, and all he knew was that he was there to help her. He opened his arms and she ran straight into them.

"It's only me, honey. It's Henry. I'm here," he said, not knowing how these words came or that out of a million words he had been given the right ones. *

ROYAL MOTHER

Continued from page 16

Princess Elizabeth had hoped for a son and it was with touching and conscious pride that she carried him herself into waiting cars and held him in her arms throughout train journeys during the

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Allsweet Margarine	34	Lanzette Hair Remover	52
Aluminum Company	46	Lavors	61
Anaconda Copper and Brass	46	Listerine	2
Appleford Food-Saver Waxed Paper	46	Lysol	22
Beauty Counselors	52	Margene	Outside Back Cover
British Travel Association	61	Maybelline Eye Make-up	5
Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate	28	Metropolitan Life Insurance	3
Campania's Italian Balm	61	Midol	52
Campbell's Soups	21	Newlands Baby Yarns	45
Canada Post Office	44	Noxzema Cream	23
C.G.E. Appliances	43	Nu-Back Foundations	33
Carnation Milk	26	Pabulum	60
Crane Limited	49	Paradol	42
Dairy Foods Service Bureau	37	Prell Shampoo	5
Delaware	35	Princess Pat Hair Nets	61
Domestic Shortening	Outside Back Cover	Purity Flour	35
Dominion Oilcloth	32	Sanderson Fabrics	Inside Front Cover
Dominion Seed House	61	Savage Shoes	58
Dow Chemical	44	Sheriff's Cake Mixes	29
Eagle Lion Films	48	Sheriff's Lushus Desserts	29
Ex-Lax	64	Silvo	35
Export Cigarettes	52	Smith's E. D. Tomato Paste	37
Fleischmann's Yeast	36	S.O.S.	40
Force Electric Products	33	Staffordshire House Pottery	35
Gerber's Baby Foods	59	Sunkist Lemons	38
Gillett's Lye	42	Swans Down Cake Flour	39
Heinz Ketchup	27	Taylor Thermometer	35
H.P. Sauce	37	Tex-made Cottons	57
Jergens Lotion	4	Thor Washer	47
Johnson's Wax	64	Visking Cellulose Casings	33
Jolly Time Pop Corn	64	Vi-Tone Chocolate Drink	33
Kirby Beard Specialties	64	Wabasso Cottons	Inside Back Cover
Kraft Cheese Slicers	24	Washington Appliance	30-31
		Woodbury Cream	6
		Woodbury Soap	54

future King of England spent the first months of his life. No doctors ever had a better patient than this young mother who, in addition to her continual public duties, followed the simple diet prescribed for her to the letter, did her postnatal exercises regularly, rested when she was told and made no fuss whatever during her pregnancy or after it.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are young, modern parents who, like many other young people in an anxious and insecure world, find their deepest happiness and satisfaction in the warm circle of family life. No girl with a great destiny before her has ever been more fortunate in her upbringing than Princess Elizabeth and from the beginning she made it quite clear that she intended to take motherhood seriously, sensibly and with a light heart. Everything prepared for the arrival of Prince Charles and, more recently for Princess Anne, was supervised by herself. She planned her layette, choosing white instead of the more usual pink and blue for the uncomplicated reason, expressed to her mother, that "white is much prettier and far more economical." Like many another British mother whose baby was born when coupons were still needed for infant clothes she used some of the silk given to her for her trousseau for the first dresses and smocks made for her son. Everything in the layette was hand-made, but all the first garments were sewn or knitted by Princess Elizabeth or by her mother and grandmother. They were plain modern clothes but she was human enough to insist that they should not be "too ordinary." She bought a baby diary bound with white leather and lettered in gold, a string of coral "for luck" in case a daughter arrived and could wear it, but apart from the layette very little else that was new and nothing that was extravagant. The cradle in which the

world.

All his life he has been made familiar with animals . . . the three dogs are firm favorites. This next spring he will get his first ride on Cloudy, a very small Shetland pony which is now being schooled for Princess Elizabeth down in the country.

Nothing could be less clinical than the nursery at Clarence House. In atmosphere, equipment, routine and even in appearance it could be reproduced in nearly any home of reasonable size. Apart from one set of small furniture, a stout fireguard and, since last year, a set of strong bars across the lower windows the room could become a sitting room or a schoolroom at a moment's notice. What goes on in the nursery is the important thing at Clarence House and judging from the riotous sounds that drift down the staircase generally between tea and bedtime, and especially if "Mummy is home"—what goes on gives every satisfaction!

Princess Elizabeth's daily program is now arranged so that, if humanly possible, she can spend some hours each day with her children. Her delight in her little daughter is so heart-warming that it is charming to see. During the months immediately before Princess Anne was born she spent nearly all her



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time with Prince Charles and it was no surprise to him to find a sister in his old cradle and even wearing some of his old clothes. He had been well prepared for the arrival and had, himself, announced to the Clarence House dogs that there was going to be a new baby. To his favorite toys, now manhandled to a stage that his mother calls "simply dreadful," there were some exciting new additions on Princess Anne's birthday morning. One of them, a strong, cheap wooden cart with a red handle presented by Queen Mary, is now his favorite except for Bunny, a dilapidated blue rabbit to whom he is devoted.

On public occasions Princess Elizabeth now speaks of her children with pride and pleasure. On hearing that a

small patient in one of the children's hospitals she was visiting would not eat porridge she smiled gaily at the culprit, "I know a boy who won't eat it, either," she said, and was pressed to say no more in case porridge—refusing became fashionable in the ward. The fierce glare of publicity will be kept away from the children now in the Clarence House nursery as long as possible, but Princess Elizabeth knows it cannot be for long. She is fully aware of her destiny and she knows that, before long, she and her husband will have to leave their children completely in charge of other people for long periods. The Commonwealth countries want to see their future Queen and that will mean a succession of long Royal Tours. Sometimes, when she is

talking to other young mothers in her own circle of personal friends there is a wistful look on her face when they speak of their children. She knows what lies before her son and what training he must undergo.

One of his first lessons when he gets older is learning to stand without too much fatigue. Princess Elizabeth always did a certain number of her lessons standing up . . . but this is not generally known. She will surround him with the high wall of her love and protection as long as she can, will provide him she hopes—with more sisters and brothers but she knows that for her and the carefree little boy who romps in the London parks, Now is the time of their lives together. *

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ME

Continued from page 48

engagements. Every Friday night I had a late show, and it became a family custom for me to bring them each a book or toy, and leave it by their bedroom door for them to find next morning.

They attended Sunday School regularly. One Sunday they came home looking very troubled. Their teacher, in describing the millennium, had gone overboard in picturing the Last Trump, the opening of every grave, the rising of the dead. Mary and Anne were terrified. "Will it really be like that, mom?" they asked. "Of course not," I assured them. "It's going to be a rather gay occasion." They perked up. "Like our school fairs?" "Yes, rather like that . . . perhaps with a band or two." Courage had returned. "And who will make the speech, mother?" Anne asked, "you or God?"

Every mother has a favorite story about her children—and that is mine.

All through their university days the girls worked with me so closely through the summer on the heavy Canadian National Exhibition work that we were dubbed "the three-way circuit." I've always depended on the girls, more than on any of my staff, to service me at Exhibition time, or at cooking schools. With so much detail to handle during those hectic summer weeks, all their classmates came in to help out . . . Mayor Moore was one who started out with us. That stimulus of young keen minds meant a tremendous lot to me. The enthusiastic attitude of the young "Sure, it's impossible, but let's get going" helped shape my own thinking.

As I mentioned, Mary and her family are with me now. The arrangement works well. Whenever there's a particularly heavy week, her husband Bob says, "Think your mother could do with you down at the office, Mary," and Mary leaves her nurse in full charge, and comes in for a day or two.

Rumors that Mary is being groomed to take over my job aren't true. She's too happily married to want it. And besides, I've no intention of retiring or slowing down. I couldn't stand that! I like what I do too much to give it up. I'll work till I drop.

I've had a number of political positions made to me—but have always said a firm No! to all of them. The way I see it, you have 100% of the men and

90% of the women against you. And who can stand such odds? I've seen too many women—clever, public-spirited women—cast off by indifferent or hostile voters. Consider the treatment Mrs. Elsie Plumtree and Agnes Macphail received. It's no business to be in, unless you can stand having your heart broken.

I have met many public personalities, particularly through my job as director of women's activities at the Exhibition. I've welcomed royalty, prima donnas, prime ministers, movie queens. When Princess Juliana promised to pay an official visit, I had a private washroom installed, at a time when plumbing was rare as radium. She didn't use it. Before Joan Bennett would appear at my cooking school, I had to assure her she would have a bodyguard of two policemen. She didn't need them.

Time for Friends

Of all the people in public life whom I have met, I suppose I hold Eleanor Roosevelt in highest regard . . . hers is a life shaped by circumstance. But the woman I admire most right now isn't known to the public at all . . . she's our cleaning woman at home. Her husband was knocked down by a hit-and-run a year ago, and after 18 operations, had to have his leg amputated. She has twins and one young boy to look after . . . at a time when she is no longer young. Most people would say hers is a life of hard toil and little else. But we who know her say, "When Kelly comes in, the sun shines." Kelly helps houseclean, holds flashlights for food shots—does a thousand and one jobs. And her unfailing Irish wit makes us all feel good. When a woman can face disaster and smile, I take my hat off to her.

I find time for many personal friendships, and love to entertain. There's no pattern, no stage-managing. I can't stand parties that are organized to death. I ask a lot of folks, without worrying over whether they know one another or not. I plan good food and drinks, and let them fend for themselves.

I still get together occasionally with my brothers, Frank and Earl, and my sister Peg. There are only the four of us left now.

Through the years I've collected a lot of bric-a-brac, and being terribly sentimental, can't bear to part with any of it. Every so often I decided to change all the ornaments about. "This week, the red ducks" I think . . . and I raid

the cupboards or the room of photo props we have at home. The family is used to it now, and keep out of my way, with a whispered warning to the others, "SShhh, mother's making compositions again!"

I have no favorite household task and no special hate. I love to clean the house until it's fresh and welcoming.

I still enjoy cooking. Besides the weekly food pages I write, I try out 12 new recipes a week in the company cafeteria at Tamblyn's. At home I like nothing better than to cook myself a big plate of scrambled eggs. I eat like a horse, and never worry over my figure.

In keeping with the life I lead, I live in either suits or evening dresses—pretty standard items. So hats have become my escape. I like them feminine and smart. I'm fond of color, and wear rich shades, or pastels or greys, with very little black.

I receive a great deal of help from a truly wonderful staff. My secretaries stay with me, in spite of the fact that I've never mastered the typewriter, still write everything in a backslant long-hand. I dislike hurting people, and fire only for laziness.

I have little time to give, but I do believe in supporting local affairs. I don't think you should live in a community, take from it and give nothing back. Whenever I can, I help out. The other night when our Altar Guild had a party for the choir, I baked two cakes and sent them over. I put out a helping hand to all sorts of people and organizations. It is nothing to be proud of, but simply a duty we all have.

Criticism is inevitable if you lead your life in public. I've lived too long, and been at my work so long that I am now myself confidently and serenely. So when I read a columnist's crack that I sound "too sweet and nice to be true"—it no longer matters. At this stage they can take me or leave me.

One thing I know—I'm going to stick to writing cookbooks, my radio scripts and my news pages. I'll never write my autobiography. This isn't like me, talking of myself this way. *

Pattern Description

Continued from page 55

Pattern descriptions and details for ordering No. 3811, sizes 11-18, price 50 cents. No. 3263, sizes 11-18, 25 cents. No. 3264, sizes 24-32, price 25 cents. No. 3124, sizes 11-18, price 25 cents.

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DOMESTIC For the Cake

1/2 cup DOMESTIC Shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 Maple Leaf Eggs, well beaten
2 cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon baking soda
5 tablespoons cocoa
1 cup milk

Cream the Shortening until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in the sugar, vanilla and eggs. Sift the dry ingredients together three times. Add these to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk, making about five additions in all. Turn batter into two eight-inch circular layer cake pans that have been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 35 minutes.

Domestic has been Canada's most popular shortening for 40 years. Margene, first offered to Canadians two years ago, has already proven itself Canada's largest selling margarine. Margene is delicious on bread, on toast, on vegetables. It spreads easily. Its flavour is sweet and fresh.

MARGENE For the Icing

4 tablespoons MARGENE
2 cups sifted icing sugar (approx.)
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons cocoa
4 tablespoons scalded cream or evaporated milk

Cream the MARGENE until very light. Add about half the icing sugar, one spoonful at a time. Then add the vanilla and cocoa. Add the scalded cream gradually, beating very thoroughly. Beat in the remainder of the icing sugar gradually, until the frosting is of a good spreading consistency.

